ÉDITION DE LUXE



THE CRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

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NEWSPAPER.



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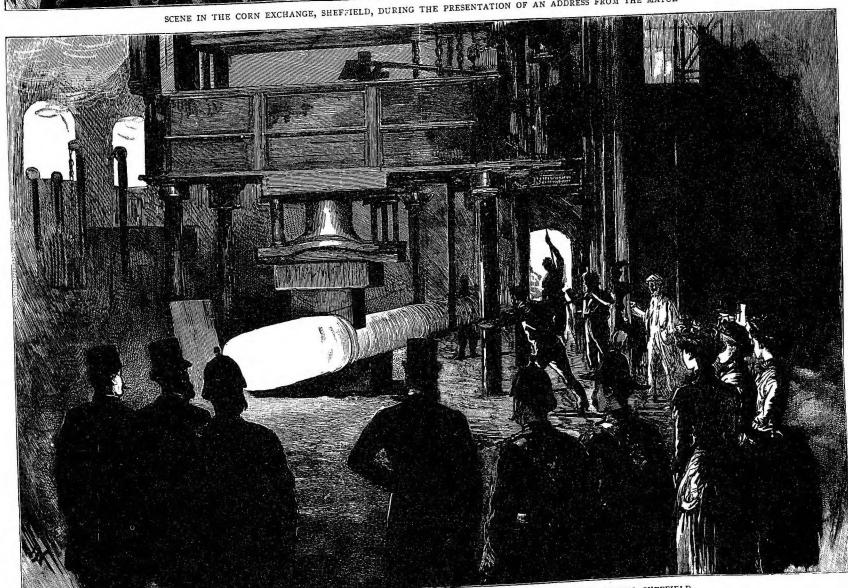
ÉDITION DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1889

THIRTY-TWO PAGES AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

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THE SHAH WITNESSING THE FORGING OF A STEEL INGOT AT THE ATLAS STEEL AND IRON WORKS, SHEFFIELD THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN ENGLAND

THE GRAPHIC

and the men on leave, there are only 9,000 constables available for duty in the streets, and, as most of these are wanted

for night-work, the day-duty of all London, beyond the City, is performed by about 1,600 men. Remembering the immense size of the metropolitan police district, and the constant increase of population, Mr. Monro is, we think, fully justified in asking that the force should be strengthened. On this point we hope, on a future occasion, to offer

some suggestions.

"AN UNEASY FEELING." --- What is called "an uneasy feeling" has prevailed lately in the Austrian capital, and it would be no exaggeration to say that all over Western Europe there is a vague dread of impending war. For this state of things the Russian Government is responsible. France is too much occupied with her internal difficulties to think of involving herself in international complications, and England, Italy, Germany, and Austria wish for nothing so much as the maintenance of peace. The designs of Russia are less intelligible. There is no evidence, indeed, that she has anything to do with the troubles in Crete, but it is manifest to all the world that she has been trying hard to obtain predominant influence in Servia, and that her efforts have been attended by a remarkable degree of success. If the Russian Government would leave the Balkan States alone, Europe might hope to enjoy a period of tranquillity; but war will never seem very far off as long as the Czar interferes, now at Sofia, now at Belgrade. The questions relating to the independence of Servia and Bulgaria are questions of life and death for Austria. She has not the faintest wish to annex these States to her own territory; she would a thousand times rather see them strong and prosperous. But to let the Russians annex them, or prepare the way for annexation, would be to submit to conditions wholly incompatible with her own security. It has been suggested that Austria and Germany should combine to "ask Russia categorically whether that Power means war or peace." We must hope that no such demand will be made, but Russia can hardly be surprised that it should be talked about. If she does not mean war, she is acting in a way that inevitably excites suspicion.

Popies of the Week

Mr. Parnell's "Strategic Movement."—Whatever may have been the occult reason for the Irish leader's latest move, it seems to be a profound mistake. The ostensible cause is too trifling to deceive any but those who wish to be deceived. However interesting might have been the documentary evidence which Mr. Parnell wished Mr. Houston to produce, it could not possibly have had the slightest bearing on the case before the Special Commission. So palpable is this that the public are sure to search about for some other and more powerful motive. Should this guessing take a direction unfavourable to the accused, they will have only themselves to blame for having provided food for popular suspicion. In Ireland, no doubt, it will be taken for granted that they were actuated by a fine frenzy of indignation. But on this side of the Channel, public judgment is colder and more censorious. There may be some, therefore, who will detect in this coup de théâtre a carefully-planned and premeditated stratagem for the repudiation of the Special Commission's judgment, if unfavourable to the accused. Mr. Parnell and his colleagues have from the first objected to the Commission, and their present protest certainly looks somewhat as if, having done all the good they could for themselves in court, they are preparing a soft bed to fall upon. Having once agreed to submit their case to Sir James Hannen and his associates, their wisest as well as most straightforward course would have been to go through the business to the end. It wears an ugly look in English eyes when litigants, after accepting arbitration, show a disposition to cavil at the decision even before it is pronounced. Mr. Parnell is a shrewd and sagacious player at the political game, but for once his hand seems to have lost its cunning.

WHITECHAPEL MURDERS AND THE POLICE. --- It is rather curious that the Metropolitan Police Report should be issued just as what seems like another genuine Whitechapel horror has been perpetrated. The previous murders of this mysterious series were committed on the following dates:-One in the Christmas week of 1887, one on August 7th last year. one on August 31st, one on September 7th, two on September 30th, and one on November 9th. Since then, imitative outrages in other parts of the country and abroad excepted, there has been a complete lull. Now it looks as if the original fiend had got to work again. Nor have we much hope of his being caught by any special display of acuteness on the part of the police. As we have often said before, this sort of crime, being directed against chance strangers, without any motive of plunder or personal revenge, is most difficult of detection. Turning now to the Police Report, it cannot be said to afford very satisfactory reading. That the number of murders increased in 1888 as compared with 1887, while the convictions for murder decreased, is no doubt due to that remarkable, and, it is to be hoped, exceptional series of atrocities which we have just been discussing. It is really more disquieting to learn that burglary, housebreaking, and arson show a considerable increase. This brings us to Mr. Monro's contention that the police force is under-manned. Out of a total number of 14,000 men, no less than 2,000 are employed in watching Government buildings. For this large reduction we may thank the dynamite desperadoes. Then another 2,000 are employed on station duties, or are paid for by public companies and private persons. Deducting the sick

GENERAL BOULANGER'S HOPES .- The time for the General Election in France is rapidly approaching, and this, combined with the fact that the Paris Exhibition is no longer a novelty, is leading Frenchmen to think once more, and to talk a great deal, about General Boulanger. That the Republicans, whatever they may say, are very much afraid of him is proved by the speedy passing of the Multiple Candidature Bill. This measure will seriously hamper him, and we may be sure that every possible obstacle will be thrown in his way in connection with the proceedings of the High Court which is to pronounce judgment upon him. The Republican Government are acting well within their right in the course they are pursuing, and it is probable that their precautions will be successful if there is not really a very deep and wide-spread enthusiasm in General Boulanger's favour. Everything depends on that "if." Should events show that a decided majority of the French people are resolved to raise him to office, nothing the Government can do will prevent them from attaining their wish. No one supposes that his personal qualities would ever suffice to secure for him the triumph he hopes to win. There is no evidence that he is a man of genius, and he cannot boast of a single achievement that would, in ordinary times, have brought him to the front rank. His strength lies in the fact that a vast number of people are bitterly dissatisfied with the existing system, and that the members of each group of malcontents expect to be able to use him for their own purposes. Every impartial foreign observer, who cares for the welfare of France, sincerely hopes that his ambition may be thwarted. It might easily happen that if he became Dictator, the nation would be quickly dragged into a Slough of Despond.

THE DONEGAL EVICTIONS.—The historical retrospect of Ireland and her "distressful" condition given by the Duke of Argyll was so good in its way, and so full of instruction, that no little advantage might result from its dissemination in pamphlet form. Englishmen have been so frequently twitted with seven centuries of oppression in the Sister Isle, that it is positively refreshing to learn that the real oppressors were the Irish themselves. And so it would be again, were Ireland set free from the force majeure of Great Britain. Either the North would oppress the South or vice versa, until, at last, the flames of civil war broke out again, and England had once more to interfere with a high hand. Equally full of enlightenment was the ducal history of the Olphert estate. Here we have a really kind-hearted landlord, living on his property year after year, and doing all in his power to improve the circumstances of his tenantry. But because, after large reductions of rent, he ventures to demand payment of the remainder, he is denounced as a cruel tyrant. It would be fortunate for the world if it contained many more "tyrants" of the same sort; among the hostile critics who launch that epithet at Mr. Olphert, there are some, perhaps, whose employés apply it to them on much more adequate grounds. Eviction is no harsher than dismissal, both bring misery to their victims. But we have yet to see a manufacturing M.P. of "advanced" views getting up in his place to denounce dismissal as tyranny and injustice. It would be so if the decree were issued on light grounds, and equally harsh would eviction be under these circumstances. But when, as in Mr. Olphert's case, tenants who have been treated with the greatest kindness refuse to pay any rent at all, either they must be turned out or proprietorial rights are at an

ADOPTION OF CHILDREN. -Lord Meath's Bill was intended to prevent parents from recovering their children after they had consented to their adoption unless they satisfied the justices that their claim was legitimate. There can be no doubt that some such measure as this is badly wanted. Abundant evidence has been brought forward to show that disreputable parents are quite willing to let their children be taken care of by benevolent strangers for a time, and then, as soon as they think they can make money out of them, they insist on their legal rights, deprive t little creatures of the wholesome training which they were receiving, and, in many cases, condemn them to a career of beggary and criminality. But the Lord Chancellor pronounced Lord Meath's Bill to be ill-constructed and dangerous in principle, whereupon it was withdrawn. He has undertaken, however, to bring forward a measure giving Poor Law Guardians some such powers as were claimed on behalf of bond fide adopters under the rejected Bill. We hope that Lord Meath will keep the Lord Chancellor up to his promise, and will get these powers extended to other institutions besides workhouse officials, who are not the only persons interested in the reclamation of ill-used or neglected children. Consider-

ing the importance of the subject, and the fact that the House of Lords usually sits for less than an hour daily, the Government might easily have brought in a Bill of their own, instead of contenting themselves with picking holes in Lord Meath's well-intended measure. It is just the want of some such enactment which led to the Barnardo case. No doubt Dr. Barnardo acted wrongly. He should not have allowed the girl Tye to be spirited away after the mother had claimed her, and, as the law stands, he deserved the severe wigging administered by the judges. Nevertheless it may be suspected that most persons will sympathise far more with Dr. Barnardo, although he has been misled by his benevolent zeal, than with the legal guardians of Mary Anne

THE NEW COSMOPOLITANISM. --- During the lifetime of the present generation there has been, all over the civilised world, a remarkable revival of the sentiment of patriotism. To this the Germans and the Italians owe their national unity, and among all other peoples in Europe many striking effects have been produced by the same cause. It is worth noting, however, that there is one very important exception. Socialism has lately been making rapid progress in the Western world; and among the classes to whom it effectively appeals the patriotic feeling seems to have almost wholly died out. They are not without enthusiasm of a different kind. They long for the time when, as they hope, the social order will be reorganised, and the best of them are always ready to put themselves to a great deal of trouble for the promotion of the cause to which they have devoted themselves. But the changes they wish to bring about do not relate to any one country more than to another. Their aims are Cosmopolitan, and they are penetrated by the conviction that they can get what they want only by the union of the labouring classes in all lands. A good example of the operation of this new force is afforded by the International Workers' Congress, which held its first meeting in Paris on Monday. The members profess to be indifferent to almost all the motives which agitate the minds of ordinary politicians, and that they are sincere is indicated, among other things, by the fraternal greetings which have passed between the French and the German Delegates. Frenchmen and Germans of the middle and higher classes hold little intercourse with one another; but in this Congress Celt and Teuton feel that international jealousies are ridiculous, and that the claims of labour are the only things really worth thinking about. How far Cosmopolitanism of this sort is likely to become a great power in the world it may be impossible yet to foresee, but it is significant that of all the movements of our time this is the one which a statesman like Prince Bismarck most closely watches.

MILITARY TEMPERANCE IN INDIA. — Time was, and that not so long ago, either, when military service in India was associated by the British public with hard drinking. King Brandy Pawnee shared with King Cholera the throne of terrorism in the parental mind; "Mind you always wear your flannel belt" would be the last maternal injunction, while the paternal lips would whisper "and keep clear of the brandy bottle." All this happily belongs to the days that are dead and buried. While the superior classes of Europeans rarely exceed, the British private has exchanged his potent arrack and rum for wholesome beer brewed in the hills. Nor is this all; there are many soldiers, it appears, who hold that it is a work of supererogation to heat the blood and fire the brain with stimulants in a country where the climate does more than is necessary in both matters. At the meeting of the Marylebone Temperance Federation, a worthy clergyman, who has laboured for years among the soldiery in the East, stated that the European contingent out there now contains 14,000 total abstainers in its ranks—that is, about one-fifth. Excellent progress, truly: at the time of the great Mutiny, we doubt whether the total abstainers amounted to one per cent. But Lord Wolseley would hurry the pace; not content with this rapid rate of improvement, he urges the prohibition of alcoholic liquors in the Army as the only way of making the men "moral and good." Whether that effect would result or not, it is very certain that recruiting would suffer terrible suffer terribly were it known that even a glass of beer was forbidden to Torrible to Torri forbidden to Tommy Atkins. But, putting the matter on higher ground in the matter of higher g higher ground, it is not easy to see any sweet reasonableness in debarring and in debarring soldiers from a source of indulgence which, we suppose, would remain optional with their officers.

SHORT TIME IN THE COTTON TRADE. Report just issued by the Board of Trade is, on the whole, of a very satisfactory character. The iron shipbuilders are said to be enjoying said to be enjoying a prosperity which they have not known since 1882 since 1882, and the numerous industries which are allied with shiphuilding shipbuilding naturally participate in their good fortune.

The iron and accessary The iron and steel trades, and, therefore, as a necessary consequence the contract the first trades. consequence, the coal trade, are also thriving. The building industries industries, too, are in a good condition; while the clothing and boot and and boot and shoe trades have, though in a more moderate degree, fair reason to be contented. The cotton industry forms the great account of the cotton in t forms the great exception. The profits have been very meagre for some meagre for some time past, and it has been decided to work half-time provided to half-time, provided the owners of two-thirds of the spindles in the cotton in the cotton districts agree to the proposal. This resolu-tion means for a large transfer of the spending of the spending resolution means for a large number of persons—more than a

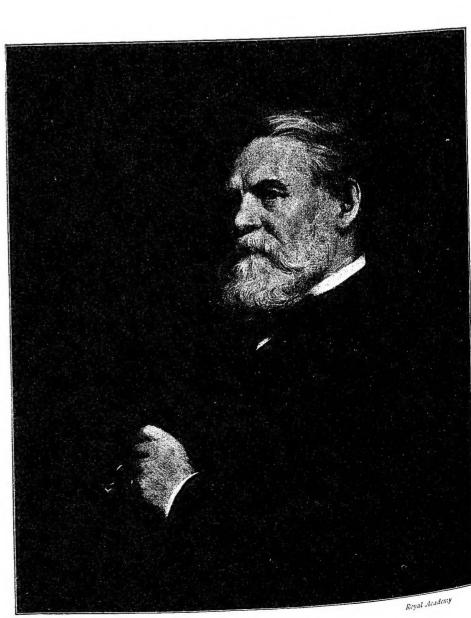


"WILD ROSES"
(By permission of Mr., McLean, the owner of the copyright) FRED MORGAN



I. S. SARGENT
"MISS ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH"





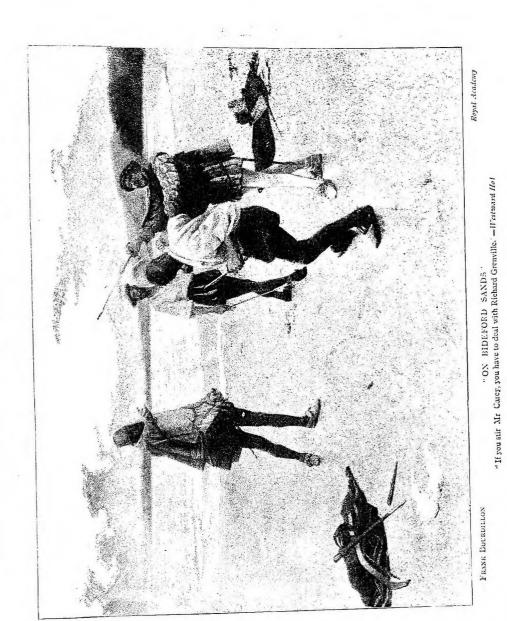
W. W. Ouless, R.A.

"J. L. PEARSON, R.A."



JOHN CHARLTON
"INCIDENT IN THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, BALACLAVA, 25th OF OCTOBER, 1847"

THE SURRENDER"



PICTURES

hundred thousand in North and North-East Lancashire numarea change from comfort to penury. The complaint is that by the action of speculators the cost of raw cotton has been unnaturally forced up, while the price obtainhas been unnaturally lorded up, while the price obtainable for yarns and piece-goods remains so low as to leave no margin for profit. We should like to feel assured that this contention is correct. If it is, it would be well to revive the old laws against forestalling. But we incline to believe that the speculator, though his machinations may cause temporary inconvenience, cannot do much mischief in the long run. It is more probably that there has been over-production on the part of the manufacturers, and, if so, partial stoppage of their industry, cruel though it may be, seems the only effectual remedy.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA. --- "This will never do," said Lord Jeffrey in the most famous of his criticisms of Wordsworth. The like may be said of the Western Australia Constitution Bill, which on Tuesday was read a third time in the House of Lords. No one objects to the proposal that a selfgoverning Constitution should be granted to the people of Western Australia. It is true that the population consists of only about 43,000 Europeans, but they are perfectly able to look after their own interests, and the Empire as a whole loses nothing, and gains much, by the concession of the right of autonomy to young and enterprising communities. But the Bill which has found so much favour in the Upper House proposes to do very much more than confer on the Western Australians the power of managing their local affairs. The intention is that they shall have complete control over 500,000 square miles of territory, much of which has not yet been even explored. A more preposterous scheme has rarely been submitted to Parliament by any Government, and that is saying a good deal. In the Mother Country there is already a great surplus population, and it is as certain as anything of the kind can be that the pressure will by and by have to be largely relieved by emigration. Most of the land which was once at our disposal has been occupied, and it is simply reckless folly to think of handing over to a few thousand people a vast proportion of the possessions we still retain. In presenting these lands to the Western Australians, we might, of course, insist upon conditions about immigration; but the only way to make sure that they shall be of real service to us is to keep them, as they are at present, under Imperial control. And this will no doubt be done. It is incredible that the House of Commons will consent to the annexation of so gigantic a territory to a settlement, the European population of which, as Lord Beauchamp pointed out on Monday, is less than that of Worcester.

THE CENTRAL EMIGRATION SOCIETY.—It is satisfactory to know that this country possesses one organisation which attempts to deal with emigration on something like a settled The Central Emigration Society, now in the sixth year of its useful existence, does no small amount of good work in a quiet way. But its power to cope with the growing over-population of these isles is altogether incommensurate with its will. All it can do is to direct the attention of these forms of the contract tion of the Government and local bodies to such means of facilitating emigration as present themselves from time to time. There is a good deal of rough machinery for the purpose already in existence, but its working is fitful and uncertain unless guided with intelligence and energy by some influential controlling authority. Here is the function which the society essays to discharge, and with so much success that we have a society essays to discharge, and with so much success that we could well wish its power increased twenty-fold. But while making this acknowledgment, the stern fact remains that with a population increasing so rapidly as ours does, the gigantic work of keeping it down can only be effectually performed by the State. And why should not the State take it in hand? To take only one part of the Empire, there is room in Western Australia for the whole of our human surplus through a long course of years. And if pioneers were wanted to push on the outposts of civilisation into the interior, we have splendid material in our time-expired soldiers. Were the idea once taken up, a sort of colonisation school might be established in every large station, where the soldiers could obtain practical instruction in those industries which settlers in new countries find so useful. But in this matter, as in every other detail of emigration, nothing effectual will ever be done until the State recognises the obligation of trying to adjust population to the feeding capacity of territory.

FRANCE AND NEWFOUNDLAND.—Within the last few Community questions have twice been asked in the House of Commons about the condition of this colony, and the official answer in each case has been that the fishing operations this season have been conducted without the occurrence of any serious difficulties. These replies totally disagree with the reports brought home by Newfoundland colonists, who state that the feeling in the settlement is daily growing stronger against the French fishermen, who are perpetually violating the rights which they enjoy under the Treaty of Utrecht. Not only have they put up permanent buildings at St. Pierre, where such buildings are forbidden by the Treaty, but they pull down the pull down the colonists' factories, tear up their nets, stretch

their own nets across the salmon rivers, and, it is asserted, attempt to outrage the settlers' wives and daughters, the husbands and brothers of these women, for venturing to defend their honour, being seized, tied up, and flogged. All this is given on the testimony of Dr. Howley, a Newfound-land clergyman, and may be read in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of July 12th. The account may be exaggerated, but we are afraid it is substantially true. At all events, the inhabitants are so disgusted with the apathy of the (so-called) mothercountry, that they are seriously discussing the question of annexation to the United States. We may be sure of one thing. Uncle Sam would stand no nonsense from the French. They would have to toe the mark or clear out; and if Lord Salisbury is not "a lath painted to look like iron," he had better give M. Waddington a strong hint to the same effect. If we displayed towards big Powers some of the vigour with which we treat those wretched Soudan dervishes, we should be more respected as a nation, and not worse liked, than we now are.

ROYAL MARRIAGE No.

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THE NEW GALLERY, Regent Street.—SUMMER EXHIBITION now open. 9 till 7. Admission One Shilling.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.—Tours to West Coast and Fiords of Norway, quickest and cheapest route. The splendid new first-class Passenger Steamer "ST SUNNIRA" leaves Leith and Aberdeen for a twelve days' cruers on 6th and 20th July, 3rd and 17th August, and from Leith direct for Hardanger Fiord, &c., on 31st August.

THE "ST ROGNVALD" from Leith and Aberdeen on 13th and 27th July, 10th and 24th August.

THE "ST. KOGN VALLD" from Letin and Aberdeed on Tysk and 27th July, 10th and 24th August. Full particulars and Hand Book, 3d., may be had from J. A. CLINKSKILL, 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., Sewell, and Crowther, 18. Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W., Thos. Cook and Sow, Ludgate Circus, E.C., and all Branch Offices, and Guion and Co., 5. Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W., and 25, Water Street, Liverpool

DLEASURE CRUISE TO NORWAY.—The Orient Company will despatch their large full-powered steamship CHIMBORAZO, 3847 tons register, 3000 horse power, from London on the asst August, calling at Leith on the 37d Angust for Lerwick, Trondhjem, Molde, Naes, Gudvangen, Berren, Vik, Gothenburg, arriving in London on the 9th September. The steamer will be navigated through the Inner Lead—i.e., inside the fringe of islands off the coast of Norway thous securing smooth water. The CHIMBORAZO is fitted with the GREEN and CO. 13. Fenchurch Avenue, Anderson, Anderson, and Co., 5. Fenchurch and cold, EC. For further particulars apply to the latter firm, or to the West End Agents, Grindlay and CO., 55, Parliament Street, S.W.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND, GLASGOW, and the HIGHLANDS.

The Royal Route via Criman and the Caledonian Canals.)

The Royal Mail Steamer "COLUMBA", with passengers only, sails from GLASGOW DAILY at 7 a.m., from GREENOCK at 8,50 a.m., in connection with Express Trains from the South, for Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Lochawe, Skye, Gairloch, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Stornoway, &c. Official Guide, 3d.; Illustrated, 6d. and 1s.

Tien, 6 Bills with Map and Fares free from owner, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

July 30 and 31, and August 1 and 2.

ROYAL NAVAL REVIEW, AUGUST 3rd.

GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

SATURDAY, JULY 27th, and MONDAY, JULY 29th, SPECIAL FAST
TRAINS from VICTORIA, for Pullborough, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor,
Dravton, Chichester, Havant, Southsea, and Portsmouth (for the Isle of Wight).

SPECIAL TRAINS, for SERVANTS, HORSES, and CARRIAGES only,
will leave VICTORIA, SATURDAY, JULY 27th, at 7.45 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.

Horses and Carriages for the above Stations will not be conveyed by any other
Trains from Victoria on these days.

ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES

ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES

A SPECIAL TRAIN (1st. 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave Victoria 7.30 a.m., Kensington 7.5 a.m., London Bridge 7.30 a.m. Return Fares, 225. 6d., 16S., and 10S. 10d.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st. 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave Victoria 9.0 a.m.,
Kensington 8.40 a.m., and London Bridge 9.5 a.m. Return Fares 26S, and 26S.

AN EXTRA SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st. 2nd, 2nd, 1st. Class only) will leave Victoria
9.45 a.m., Return Fare, 30S.

FAST TRAINS, at Ordinary 1st. and 2nd Class Fares. leave London for

Kensington 8.40 a.m., and London Bridge 9.5 a.m. return Pates 200.

AN EXTRA SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st Class only) will leave Victoria 9.45 a.m. Return Fare, 305.

FAST TRAINS, at Ordinary 1st, and, and 3rd Class Fares, leave London for Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight every weekday as under:—
From Victoria 6.53 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 11.45 p.m., 5.55 p.m., and 4.55 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction.
From Kensington (Addison Road) 6.5 a.m., 10.15 a.m., 11.15 a.m., 1.26 p.m., 2.41 p.m., and 4.24 p.m., calling at West Brompton.
From London Bridge 6.45 a.m., 10.25 a.m., 11.40 a.m., 1.50 p.m., 4.3 p.m., and 4.55 p.m. On Saturday, August 3rd, there will be no connection between any of these Trains and Southsea, and no connection with the Isle of Wight after the first Train from London until the 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge.
For the convenience of the General Public leaving London for the Review on the morning of Saturday, August 3rd, Extra Special Trains as required will leave Victoria 6.20 a.m., 7.50 a.m., and 10.30 a.m., and 10.25 a.m., from 10.25 a.m., and 10.25 a.m., from London Bridge and Victoria Stations: and at the West End General Offices, 38, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Traislagar Square, which offices will remain open til 10.0 p.m. on July 26th, 27th, 29th, 30th, and 11st, and August 1st.

(By Order)

A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.



THE SHAH IN ENGLAND See page 65.

FLOODS AT HONG KONG

FLOODS AT HONG KONG

On May 29th and 30th, a terrific storm of thunder and rain took place at Hong Kong, doing a vast amount of injury to the colony. This enormous damage was rendered possible by the fact that the city of Victoria is built along the foot and the lower slopes of a precipitous mountain 1,800 feet high, which forms the island of Hong Kong. The rain fell in a steady heavy downpour, accompanied by thunder and lightning, and sometimes averaging two inches per hour. The streets became rivers, and the masses of water, finding no sufficient outlets in the drains, burst up the roadways. A tremendous landslip occurred in the road from the town to the "Peak," an important residential quarter during the het season. The road was stopped, and about a hundred yards of the tramway running to the summit were carried away. The houses in Queen's Road, the principal business thoroughfare, were flooded, many of them were wrecked, and vast stocks of goods destroyed; the telegraph lines were washed away; the gas was put out by the destruction of one of the mains, and many persons were either drowned or killed by lightning. The streets and roads in the centre of the town were rendered impassable, they were torn up from below as well as from above, while in other places they were covered with sand and mud many feet deep. The total rainfall in the thirty-six hours was thirty inches—more than falls in London during a whole twelvemonth.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Lionel C. Barff, of Hong Kong, who writes as follows:—
"The Tytam Waterworks, which had only just been completed, were very much damaged, especially the Service Tank. The wall or dam of this tank originally could not be seen, as a very wide embankment supported it, but this has now been completely washed away by the overflowing of the Service Tank. It was the bursting of the sewer in Zetland Street (which is one of the steep thoroughfares leading down to the Queen's Road) which caused the torrent of water that dashed like a cataract into the Queen's R

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A New serial story, by William Black, illustrated by William Small, begins in this number.

THROUGH LONDON BY OMNIBUS, IV. See page 72.

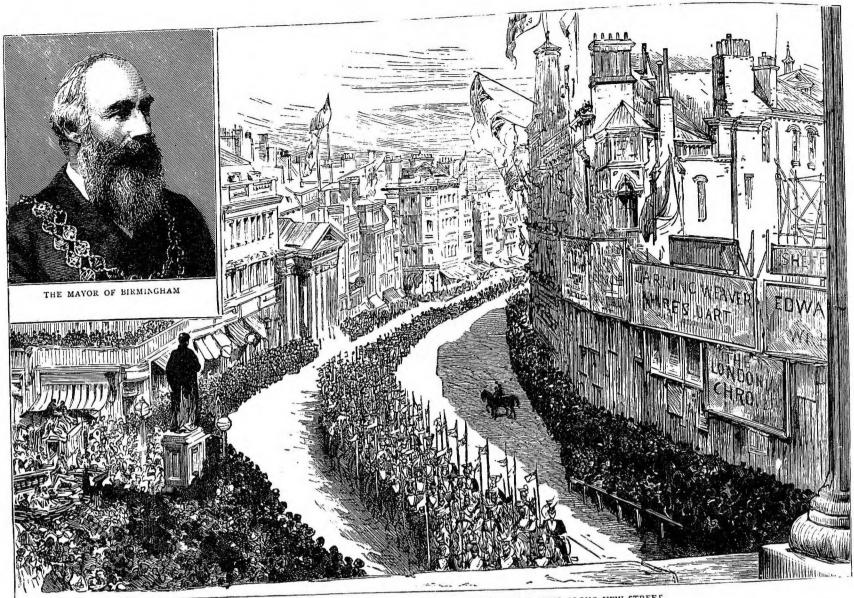
> THE ROYAL SOCIETY See page 75.

PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEES See pp. 78 et segq.

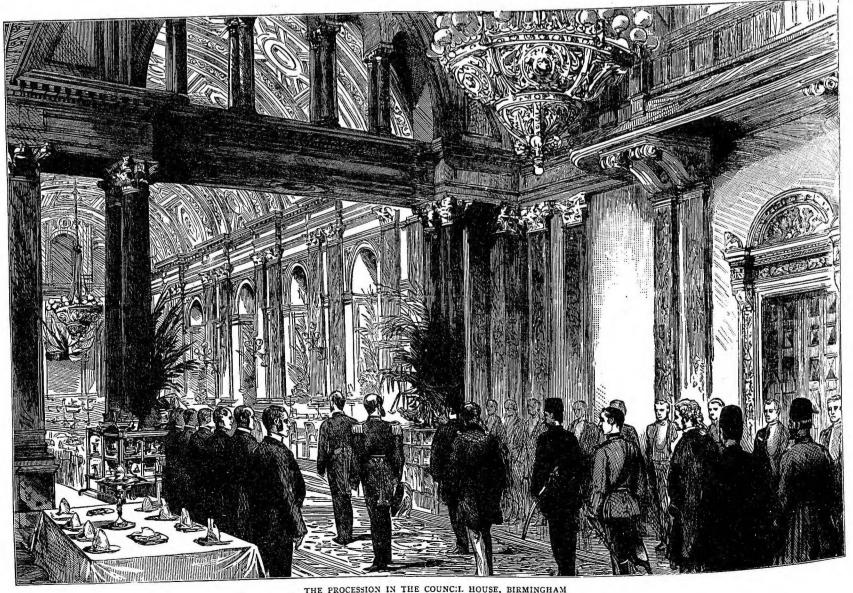
PICTURES OF THE YEAR, VI.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR, VI.

Of the eight engravings here presented only one is from the New Gallery, but that one is among the most noticeable of that choice and excellent collection, being Mr. J. S. Sargent's portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth. The picture has been amply criticised both in these columns and elsewhere, and we will merely say here that the painter has depicted Lady Macbeth in the act of putting the crown upon her head. Her face is pale as death, and her dres; is a gorgeous combination of blue and green and gold, which is set against a background of brilliant blue. Our seven other specimens are from the Royal Academy Exhibition. Mr. Fred Morgan's "Wild Roses" is one of those pictures the sight of which acts like a tonic. Happy the man who can hang it where he can see it daily. Mr. C. H. Fox has transfered to canvas a very noticeable bit of suburban London landscape, namely, that group of sturdy Scotch firs near The Spaniards, whence on a clear day there is such a fine view over the Brent Reservoir and beyond.—One of the best portraits by Mr. W. W. Ouless, that distinguished portrait-painter, is that of Mr. John Loughborough Pearson, R.A., the architect of Truro Cathedral, and also of many other churches and country houses.—The Armada Tercentenary last year inspired several painters, among others Mr. J. Seymour Lucas, whose "Surrender" (representing Valdez yielding to Drake) is one of the few historical pictures on the Academy walls (would they were more numerous!), and Mr. Frank Bourdillon, who, in a picture entitled "On Bideford Sands" furnishes a spirited rendering of a scene from Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"—Both ladies and landscape are equally charming in Mr. Boughton's "Sisters;" while Mr. Charlton, who knows how to draw a horse, furnishes a life-like incident from the famous Balaclava Charge, where the riderless horses turned and charged abreast of Sir George Paget.

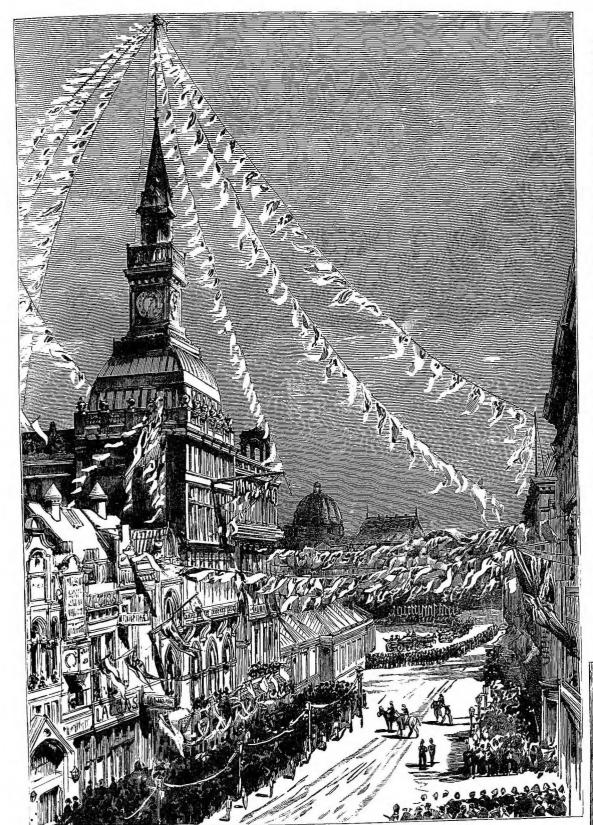


THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHAH IN BIRMINGHAM: THE PROCESSION PASSING ALONG NEW STREET



THE PROCESSION IN THE COUNCIL HOUSE, BIRMINGHAM

PERSIA IN ENGLAND THE SHAH OF



SINCE the close of our record of the Shah's doings last week His Imperial Majesty has been busily occupying himself touring round England, visiting the houses of "our old nobility," such as Hatfield and Ashridge, and the palaces of our new nobility, such as Waddesdon Manor, the modern French residence of Baron Rothschild. Driving from house to house, the Persian King has had delightful glimpses of English rural scenery of the pastoral kind; and from the rich pastures of Buckinghamshire he went direct to the smoke-laden cities of the busy Midlands. On Wednesday last he departed from the hospitable house of Baron Rothschild to visit Lord Windsor at Bromsgrove, and at on: o'clock on Thursday his arrival was expected at Birmingham. For the first time, however, since his arrival in this country, the Shah failed to keep pace with the rush of engagements—which have been made for him. A telegram was received by the Mayor of Birmingham from Sir H. Drummond Wolff saying that the Shah was of faitgued that he could not leave before 12 o'clock. There was much disappointment among the Birmingham folk, as some parts of the programme had necessarily to be curtailed. The town was gaily flagged, and thousands of persons occupied the line of route. The Shah visited the works of Messrs. Elkington and Co., and Messrs. F. and C. Osler, and as he also went to the Small Arms and Metal Company's Manufactory, he practically had a glimpse of all the manufactures which make Birmingham famous. Messrs. Ralph Heaton and Co. (now "The Mint, Birmingham, Limited") struck a pretty gold medal to celebrate the occasion. The Shah was entertained at luncheon by the Mayor, and received the inevitable address of welcome. At six o'clock he returned to Bromsgrove, and on the next day (Friday) he received a hearty welcome at Sheffield—the most cordial since leaving London. Driving first to the Corn Exchange, (a handsome building e-ected by the Duke of No folk from the designs of Messrs. Hatfield and Son, architects, of Sheffield) the Shah there received



THE BALL AT THE CUTLERS' HALL, SHEFFIELD

THE GRAPHIC

rolling of a monstous armour-plate for H.M.S. Renown. Surfeited with wonderful sights, the Shah returned in the evening to the residence of the Duke of Norfolk (whose guest he was during his stay in Sheffield), and later he was present at a brilliant ball given by the Master and Mistress Cutler (Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Howell) at the Cutlers' Hall. On Saturday morning the Shah visited some of the



SIR HENRY STEPHENSON Ex-Mayor of Sheffield

other famous Sheffield factories, and later in the day went to Liverpool, where he stayed at Newshaw House, Newshaw Park, a handsome residence used by the Corporation for the reception of distinguished visitors. The Mayor's banquet in the Town Hall was the chief event of Saturday. The speeches were, at the Shah's request, extremely brief. Prince Malcolm Khan made an excellent short speech, saying that the Shah was pleased to be the first Asiatic



MR. W. J. CLEGG Mayor of Sheffield

sovereign to visit Liverpool, that the object of his visit to England was that he might see and learn, and that the result of his observations would tend to the progress of civilisation in Asia. On Sunday the Shah drove to Eaton Hall, where he was entertained by the Duke of Westminster. Some of the Duke's horses, notably Bend Or and Ormonde, were produced for His Majesty's inspection.



MR. S. E. HOWELL

the inspection of the Alexandra Docks, where the Cunard liner The inspection of the Alexandra Docks, where the Cunard line Cinbria lay, was the chief item in Monday morning's programme, and about five in the evening the Shah arrived at Manchester, where he was banquetted in the evening at the Town Hall, Mr. Justice Stephens and Mr. Justice Grantham being of the company.

"SCHOOL REVISITED"

THE visit of an Exmouth boy to the ship in which he was trained and educated is an event enjoyed both by the Captain and the boys on board, particularly, as in this case, when the boy has distinguished himself and gained several medals. Since the Institution was started in 1876, the ship, under the able command of Captain W. S. Bourchier, R.N., has done most useful work, preparing the

pauper boys of London for the Navy, Army bands, and the merchant ships. Over 1,000 Exmouth boys are in the Royal Navy at the present time, and about 500 are musicians in the Army. The Metropolitan Asylums Board, under whose management the Ship is, is to be very much complimented on the results; 4,000 boys having been educated and trained to earn their own living. During the long evenings of the winter months the boys amuse themselves with games and dancing between decks, but it is much to be regretted that the Metropolitan Asylums Board do not see their way to allow some money to be spent to relieve the dull monotony of the strict routine which is so necessary on board a training ship.

training ship.

Attached to the ship is a brigantine, a vessel of about 100 tons Attached, in which the boys take trips to sea, and in which they are burden, in which the boys take trips to sea, and in which they are taught the practical seamanship which is so necessary to them when

they join the sea service.



POLITICAL.—The Prime Minister made, on Tuesday, to an Political to the warious Conservative organisations of the metropolis. While the various Conservative organisations of the metropolis while them not to be tempted to take things easy. Referring to the them not to be tempted to take things easy. Referring to the them not to be tempted to take things easy. Referring to the them not to be tempted to take things easy. Referring to the them not to be tempted to take things easy. Referring to the them not to be tempted to take things easy. Referring to the them not to be tempted to take things easy. Referring to the them not to be tempted to take things easy. Referring to the them not to be tempted to the prime which would not come into operation for two years. Touching which would not come into operation for two years. Touching which would not come into operation for two years. Touching that the test way for us to keep up peace and good-will with all the that the best way for us to keep up peace and good-will with all the that the best way for us to keep up peace and good-will with all the that the best way for us to keep up peace and good-will with all the that the best way for us to keep up peace and good-will with all the that the best way for us to keep up peace and good-will with all the that the best way for us to keep up peace and good-will with all the the things and possible and the peace and good-will with all the the things and of the form in any all protection, the former an outlet for its latter giving from it naval protection, the former an outlet for its latter giving from it naval protection, the former an outlet for its latter giving from it naval protection, the former and the desired beautiful to the giving for the seat in East Marylebone, value in the protection of the district beautiful the giving for the seat in East Marylebone, val

Wimbledon.

IRELAND.—Mr. T. Healy, presiding at the fortnightly meeting of the National League in Dublin on Tuesday, made what was, even for him, a very offensive address, in which he spoke insolently of Sir James Hannen, whom he charged with impertinence. As regards the new Tenants' Defence League, he threw some light on the contemplated strategy of its founders, by asserting that the question of its legality or illegality had never troubled him, and never would trouble him.

AN ORDER IN COUNTY directs the curreling of the desired in the contemplate of the contemplate of the county of the contemplate of the county of the co

never would trouble him.

AN ORDER IN COUNCIL directs the muzzling of all dogs in the City of London and in the area included within the Metropolitan Police district, an exception being made in favour of sporting dogs and dogs used for the extirpation of vermin.—At the meeting of the London County Council on Tuesday they resolved to stand upon their dignity in regard to the preceding order and to an application. London County Council on Tuesday they resolved to stanl upon their dignity in regard to the preceding order, and to an application from the Chief Commissioner of Police asking what regulations they intended to frame for carrying out. As obedience to the order is to be enforced by the police, over whom the Council have no control, it was agree 1, at the instance of Lord Rosebery, that letters should be sent to the Privy Council and the Police Commissioner informing them that the Council declined responsibility for regulations which they could not enforce. tions which they could not enforce.

tions which they could not enforce.

The Street Collection on Hospital Saturday, so far as was ascertained at the middle of the week, amounted to 1,962l., against 1,895l. last year. It is expected that the entire collection will have realised at least 5,000l., against 4,800l. last year.

Our Obituary includes the death, in her eighty-seventh year, of the Dowager Countess of Pomfret; in her sixtieth year, of the Lady Mary Windsor Clive; in his eighty-fourth year, of Sir James Allanson Picton, a prominent member of the Liverpool Corporation, to whom the establishment of the Free Library in that city was largely due, who wrote, among other works, the excellent was largely due, who wrote, among other works, the excellent "Memorials of Liverpool," and whose eldest son, Mr. J. A. Picton, is M.P. for Leicester; in his sixty-fifth year, of Dr. Charles Elam, is M.P. tor Leicester; in his sixty-fitth year, of Dr. Charles Elam, the eminent physician of Harley Street, author of many medical and scientific works; in his sixty-first year, of Deputy Surgeon-General Francis Day, formerly Inspector-General of the Fisheries of India, author of a number of publications relating to Indian pisciology, and also of an elaborate work on "The Fishes of Great Brita'n and Ireland" (1880-83); in his ninety-second year, of the Rev. George Kirkpatrick, formerly Rector of Craigs, the oldest clergyman of the Protestant Church of Ireland; and of Miss E. M. Busk, second daughter of the late George Busk, F.R.S., of Harley Street. Miss Busk was well known as a most successful and rising portrait painter. Her work in last year's Academy, and the admirable likeness of Lord Selborne in this, attracted much



The undying interest which the House of Commons has for the or linary Briton is testified to night after night by the patient attendance in the Strangers' Gallery, and the competition for perches in the ladies' cage. And yet those who just now are fortunate enough to obtain admission must arrive at the conclusion that Parliamentary debate is a sorry business. At question time there is some show of liveliness, though the baiting of Mr. Ballour has temporarily ceased to be a standing dish. For the week now under review, the Irish members have been conspicuously absent. The Votes in Supply, with which they are specially concerned, have been postponed from time to time, and till they are brought on the Irish members stop away.

This in itself, as the student of Parliamentary affairs will be aware, is a new departure. There was a time when the Irish members, determined that no business should be done, spread themselves all over the place. They brought in innumerable Bills of their own and blocked everybody else's. They were told off in well-ordered relays to talk against measures or motions whichever might come before the House. They were ready for coalition with any member or any section of a Party who would assist them in obstructing business. This state of affairs, which had its birth in the Parliament of 1874, prevailed through the Parliament of 1886. With their admission to formal alliance with one of the great English Political Parties, the Irish members put on new manner, abjured sack, lived cleanly, and have become amenable to all the better influences that guide a public assembly.

Mr. Biggar, who used to be the leading exponent of the lawless-ness of the Irish members, is now, in the altered circumstances of the Speaker, and most outspoken in his approval of Mr.Courney in the Chair. He has, withal, assemed a julicial air and a weighty manner of speaking that delights his old acquaintances. New members, looking upon him as he sits portentosly wise or stands supremely persuasive, come to the conclusion that

Irish Party who chanced to be in the nouse want the called, avoided the difficulty by running away. They dare not vote against the proffered boon, and they would not go into the same lobby with Mr. Balfour. But Mr. Biggar, with a soul above such subterfuges, stood out stern and implacable. It is just possible that he may the more fully have enjoyed his position, having the assurance that he was absolutely impotent to prevent the stage of the Bill being agreed to. To have the satisfaction of poposing the Government and, at the same time, to get the money for irish works, this was a combination of good fortune rarely attainable. But it this was a combination of good fortune rarely attainable. But it fell to Mr. Biggar's lot, and with it the rare distinction of lealing into the lobby Mr. Gladstone, and the full muster of the Liberal party. The Bill was carried by a substantial majority of 131 against 95, and thus Mr. Biggar's satisfaction was undimmed by auginst 95, and thus Mr. Biggar's satisfaction was undimmed by authoward accident. He had flouted the Government and reland would have the money all the same.

The Scotch Local Government Bills finally passed through Committee at midnight on Tuesday, leaving Wednesday available for mittee at midnight on Tuesday, leaving Wednesday available for making progress with the Scotch University Bill. Though the making progress with the Scotch University Bill. Though the process of legislation upon these measures has not been attractive process of legislation upon these measures has not been attractive process of legislation upon these measures has not been attractive process of legislation upon these measures has not been attractive from the Strangers' Gallery point of view, it has been highly creditable to the debating power and business capacity of the exclusiveness that has partially realised Home Rule. Where the incompleteness of the arrangement has manifested itself has been incompleteness of the arrangement has manifested itself has been incompleteness of the arrange

be outrance, and the long languor of the Scotch debate will probably be followed by some lively scenes. But it is a very different thing squabbling about Royal Grants in March (or even June), and resisting them in the last days of July. With the Twelfth of August within measureable distance, the stars in their courses fight for August within measureable distance, the stars in their courses fight for the Coursenment, and though the Radicals are bound to make brane August within measureable distance, the stars in their courses fight for the Government, and though the Radicals are bound to make brave show of battle over the Royal Grants, the conflict is not likely to be



THE TURF.—Newmarket July Meeting was one of the most successful ever held. Heaume showed that he is improving by winning the Chesterfield Stakes for Baron Rothschild. Bella's son is the the Chesterfield Stakes for Baron Rothschild. Bella's son is the best young Hermit that we have seen out this year. Three two-year-olds, who cost collectively 7,450 gs. as yearlings, contested the Post Sweepstakes, the winner being Lord Dudley's Merry Monk. Not one is a first-rater, and it would be interesting to know what their value at auction is now. Antibes at last did the good turn for Mr. "Manton" Milner by winning the Midsummer Plate. Mr. Abington having decided to run Pioneer, that horse finished second. King Monmouth, a good old servant to Mr. James Lowther, the senior Steward, won the Ellesmere Stakes, and it does one good to see Lord Hartington has a useful youngster in Marvel, who took the Stud Produce Stakes. On Friday Major Egerton had taken such a lenient view of Sea Song's merits, that he practically presented General Owen Williams with the July Handicap. Mephisto won the July Cup for Prince Soltykoff, and the Duke of Westminster won the Princess of Wales' Cup with Lozenge, another St. Simon filly. At Leicester, Matthew Dawson's colt, the Whaup, won the Zetland Stakes, the favourite, Heresy, finishing third. Thanks to Gulliver falling lame, and Wishing Gate going amiss, Pinzon did not have much difficulty in taking the Midland Derby for Lord Zetland. The result of the Portland Stakes on Wednesday was a surprise, Riviera improving so much on her Newmarket display so as to beat Heaume, whilst Semolina, who could not be herself, was beaten out of place.

CRICKET.—All the fashionable matches of the season have now been decided. Society turned its back on Lord's Ground at the best young Hermit that we have seen out this year.

herself, was beaten out of place.

CRICKET.—All the fashionable matches of the season have now been decided. Society turned its back on Lord's Ground at the conclusion of the Eton and Harrow battle on Saturday last. The lads from the "school on the hill" were easily victorious. They scored 272 in their joint innings, and 50 with the loss of one wicket in their second, against the Etonians, 169 and 152. Pilling's benefit match between North and South, at Manchester, was spoilt by rain. Still the play was watched by something like 25,000 people during the three days, so that the beneficiaire should not suffer. Neither eleven was anything like the best that could have been got together, and the match ended in a draw, the North wanting 20 runs to win, and having six wickets to fall. Lancashire thrashed Middlesex in an innings and sixty-seven runs at Lord's on Monday and Tuesday. Last year's champion county, at Lord's on Monday and Tuesday. Last year's champion county, Surrey, had a narrow squeak of defeat by Sussex on Wednesday, as they only won by three wickets. Kent also beat Yorkshire by an innings and 106 runs.

an innings and 106 runs.

LAWN TENNIS.— Both quantity and quality were missing from the entries for the Four-Handed Championship, which took place last week. In the trial rounds the only interesting tie was between Messrs. Lewis and Hillyard against the brothers Messrs. W. and H. Baddeley, the former couple being successful by three setts to two. Messrs. Mewburn and Gore were left in to play the winners for the final of the All Comers' prize, but were easily deseated. Messrs. Lewis and Hillyard then met W. and E. Renshaw at Wimbledon on Saturday for the Championship. The brothers played well, and won by six games to one, and the match by three setts to two.

TENNIS.—The annual four-handed match between Oxford and Cambridge Universities took place at Lord's on Monday. E. Crawley and E. M. Butler represented the Light Blues, and H. Philipson and W. M. Cazalet the Oxonians. The Cantabs had a very easy task, securing the first set by six games to love, the se. ond hy six to two, and the last by six to five, thus winning the match by three setts to love. The Chiswick Park and Middlesex Championships were not concluded when we went to press. Championships were not concluded when we went to press.

YACHTING.—The America Cup will not be sailed for this autumn. The Valkyrie will, however, meet the best American yachts in the Paine Cup, and will also contest other prizes.

ROWING.—Moulsey Amateur Regatta was the principal aquatic event last Saturday. This is the Henley of the Lower Thames. The sport was rather poor, but the attendance was enormous. The race for the Sculling Championship of the World between H. E. Searle, of Clarence River, N.S.W., and William O'Connor, of Toronto, was arranged to take place between Putney and Mortlake on Monday, September 9th next, starting at 1.15 P.M.

The RING.—There is little fresh news about the Sullivan and

THE RING.—There is little fresh news about the Sunivan and Kilrain fight. The pugilists are reported to be fleeing before justice. The big fellow is said to be in Chicago, passing his time in riotous living, whilst Kilrain is hiding in New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At Hurlingham on Saturday, the Elvaston Club beat the Houghton Club at polo by six goals to three. At Ranelagh, the Barton thrashed the home club by six goals to love



"DIE MEISTERSINGER" IN ITALIAN.—It was rather a perilous experiment to produce Wagner's comic and essentially German opera Die Meistersinger, at Covent Garden, on Saturday in the Italian language, with a mixed company of artists of all nations, under an Italian conductor, and, above all, in a more lengthy form than even Dr. Richter himself had ventured to submit. The opera under an Italian conductor, and, above all, in a more lengthy to than even Dr. Richter himself had ventured to submit. The opera on Saturday began an hour earlier than usual, and it lasted from half-tast seven in the evening till nearly half-an-hour after midnight. The work, however, came out far better than was anticipated. The performance by the orchestra, it was true, was not remarkable for that nice observance of the nuances and a perfection as to detail of light and shade which habitues of the perfection as to detail of light and shade which habitues of the Richter perfection as to detail of light and shade which handless of the Richter concerts, for example, expect. But, on the other hand, the artists were far superior to any who have hitherto sung in this, one of the most advanced of Wagner's music dramas. M. Jean De Reszkh is individual of the present Reszke is indisputably the leading operatic tenor of the present day, and, although in *Die Meistersinger* he has few opportunities of showing his merits as an actor, yet he gave to the part of the Franconian Knight, Walther, a reading which was at once poetic and picturesque, while he sang the trial and prize songs, the duet pleturesque, while he sang the trial and prize songs, the duet in the second act and other portions, in a manner beyond reproach. No less excellent was the Eva of Madame Albani. The Hans Sachs of M. Lassalle was in every respect admirable. It is seems entirely to have grasped the spirit of the good-hearted tobbler-poet, and although, in comparison with Eva, he was "made

up" far too young, he acted with discretion, and sang his two songs in the second act and "Wahn! Wahn!" in the third act in a manner which would probably have satisfied Wagner himself. M. Isnardon was specially engaged for the difficult rôle of Beckmesser, which he somewhat exaggerated. The rest of the cast included M. Winogradow as Kothner, M. Abramoff as Pogner, M. Montariol as David, Madame Bauermeister, and others who were for the most part all that could be desired.

It is not necessary now to describe in detail the opera itself. Die Meistersinger is thoroughly German in its style and sentiment, and deals with a subject more interesting to the Teutonic than to the and deals with a subject more interesting to the leutonic than to the British mind. The scenes of the first act all appeal strongly to the patriotic sentiment of the German race, with whose national history the Master Singers themselves are so indissolubly bound up. The second act is of more purely human interest. We can all sympathise with the young maiden who loves the Knight, but who is compelled by her father's wish to pose as the prize in the forthcoming "Song-Tournament." We can laugh at the eccentricities of the old and conceited town clerk, Beckmesser, who aspires to the hand of the maiden, and we can all be amused by the way in which his ridiculous screenade is drowned by Hans Sachs' humorous song of hand of the maiden, and we can all be amused by the way in which his ridiculous serenade is drowned by Hans Sachs' humorous song of Mother Eve and the first pair of shoes. In the third the truly magnificent procession of Master Singers, the prize songs, Hans Sachs' patriotic eulogy of "Our Sacred German Art," and the finale, again show Wagner at his best.

DEATH OF BOTTESINI.—The death at Parma is announced of

the renowned contra-bass player Signor Bottesini. The deceased was born at Crema in 1821, and was originally a chorister at the Cathedral there. He studied under his uncle, a priest, and at the age of thirteen was admitted to the Milan Conservatory as a student under Rossi. In 1840 he gave his first concert, and from

Cathedral there. He studied under his uncle, a priest, and at the age of thirteen was admitted to the Milan Conservatory as a student under Rossi. In 1840 he gave his first concert, and from that time to the present he has been considered the leading professor of his ponderous and most difficult instrument. Signor Bottesini made a considerable fortune in Havana, where he was engaged with the popular conductor Signor Arditi, and where he remained for a long period. For a few years during the Third Empire, he conducted Italian opera at Paris, and, in 1871, he accepted a similar position at the Viceregal Opera House at Cairo, where he produced Verdi's Aida—for the first time on any stage. He likewise conducted promenade concerts during several seasons in London. His compositions include eight or nine operas, one of which, Ali Baba, was written in 1871 for the Lyceum, an oratorio, The Garden of Olivet, for the last Norwich Festival, and a large number of chamber works and pieces for his instrument. It was, however, as a double-bass player that Bottesini was chiefly celebrated, and as a virtuoso he was declared, by those who knew both, to be the superior even of Dragonetti.

CONCERTS.—The concert-season is now practically over. One of the most important performances during the past week was, how ever, that given by Madame Backer-Gröndahl on Saturday. The distinguished Scandinavian pianist performed with M. Wolff the Sonata Op. 45, by her countryman Grieg, and likewise brought forward a pianoforte suite Op. 23, and several songs by herself. The songs were more interesting than the suite, particularly as to the Mödet set to lines by Henrik Hertz, and a song entitled Nu brister Isen, set to a Norwegian poem by Recke. Both of these were encored. Another and very charming song, Geachtet, is composed to lines by "Carmen Sylva," well known as the nom de plume of the talented Queen of Roumania, who is not only a poet, but a composer on her own account. The songs were sung by Miss Louise Phillips.—Concerts were likewise give

clever Spanish harpist Señorita Emeralda Cervantes and Mr. Harry Williams.

Notes.—Signor Faccio and Signor Bevignani have been engaged by M. Mayer as conductors of his Italian Opera season next year, which will probably take place at Her Majesty's Theatre.—The death is announced, from an accident sustained at the Military Tournament recently held at the Agricultural Hall, of Herr Carli Zoeller, the Bandmaster of the Second Life Guards. The deceased was born at Berlin, in 1840. He was, however, chiefly distinguished for his championship of that once obsolete, but now recently revived, instrument, the viola d'amore, upon which he was a most accomplished performer.—The Carl Rosa Company, during their forthcoming tour, will produce an English version of Rombo et Juliette, and will play it at Drury Lane in the spring. They also intend to produce, during the season, The Rose of Castille, Lurline, Verdi's Aīda, and Bizet's Pearl Fishers, of course all in English. The company will be strengthened by the addition of Madame Tremelli, and MM. Winogradow and Abramoff from the Italian opera troupe.—It is stated that Signor Tamagno receives, at the Lyceum Theatre, no less than 6,000 francs, or 2401 per night. He will not return to London next year, as he is engaged for South America in the summer.



ARCHDEACON RANDALL has been appointed Suffragan Bishop of Reading in the Diocese of Oxford, and Canon Ware, Suffragan Bishop of Derby in that of Southwell.

The Bishop of Loydon relating out that the new Education

Bishop of Derby in that of Southwell.

The Bishop of London, pointing out that the new Education Code will require from school managers a considerable outlay, intimated that the Diocesan Board of Education is not adequately supported by Churchmen in its efforts to secure efficiency in the Church Schools of his Diocese. Sir Walter Farquhar has offered to give for this object 50%, a year during three years if nine others will do the same, and the Bishop hopes that the wealthy men of the Diocese will not allow this offer to be lost.

The Bishop of Liverpool. at a recent meeting of a Church

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL, at a recent meeting of a Church Society in that city, spoke of the aspects of its poorer parts as most distressing. People, he said, talked about the East End of London, the life in the little ways comparation well looked after and it was distressing. People, he said, talked about the East End of London, but its inhabitants were comparatively well looked after, and it was the fashion for ladies to go there "slumming," as it was called, in that district. They had nothing of the kind in Liverpool, and he wished that ladies from the south end of Liverpool would go to its wretched parts and try to amuse and elevate the people.

IN THE COURSE OF A DISCUSSION at the Lambeth Diocesan Conference, the Archbishon of Canterbury presiding, on gambling

Conference, the Archbishop of Canterbury presiding, on gambling and betting, the Bishop of Gibraltar intimated that, as a protest against the gambling which went on there, he had refused to allow the continuous of an Anglian Church at Manta Carlo.

the erection of an Anglican Church at Monte Carlo. the erection of an Anglican Church at Monte Carlo.

MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL is to follow the example set by Eton, Harrow, Marlborough, and Dulwich, and establish a mission in London, the North-Western being the district selected for its operations. At a meeting of "Old Boys" it was resolved to raise 250% annually for the maintenance of a mission-staff.

Dr. FAIRBAIRN, the Principal of Mansfield College (Congregations) Conferd in the principal of Mansfield College (Congregations).

tional), Oxford, in a statement just issued by him, says that during the past year alone five University Scholarships or prizes during the past year alone five University Scholarships or prizes have fallen to men studying at Mansfield, and of these five four were in the field of Theology.



A PURE WHITE SPARROW has been caught at Markinch, in

A WONDERFUL SILVER CAVE is reported from New Mexico, near Las Cruces. The interior is lined with veins of almost pure

BUCKINGHAM PALACE CHAPEL, where Princess Louise of Wales will be married next week, was originally a conservatory till converted into a chapel in 1843. It is a small building, standing at the south-west angle of the Palace, on the opposite side to the Queen's apartments. The interior is very handsome, the panelled roof being well painted, and supported by bronze pillars. Over the altar hangs a fine tapestry picture of the Baptism of Christ, and the pulpit is alabaster, elaborately carved. The pews are painted to imitate different marbles. The Chapel will not hold more than two hundred persons, and Princess Louise will be the first member of the Royal Family married within its walls.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY has inherited a small collection of Old Masters through the death of a lady at Torquay. Murillo's "Drinking Boy," Hogarth's "Polly Fenton," and works by Rubens, Ruysdael, Cuyp, and Greuze are among the bequest. Speaking of Art treasures, the seventeen Secrétan pictures were sold in London on Saturday for somewhat less than expected, realising altogether 27,824%. The two Hobbemas had been valued very highly. The larger of the pair, a landscape with figures and cows filled in by Adrian Van de Velde, reached 8,800% in the San Donato sale, and was bought by M. Secrétan for 12,000%, yet on Saturday it only sold for 5,460%. Its companion, representing a water-mill and cottages, brought 3,465%, having realised 4,352% at the Hamilton Palace sale. Millet's "Le Vanneur," companion to the famous "Angelus," sold for 3,570%. France has lost the "Angelus" after all. The Budget Committee of the French Chamber unanimously voted the 22,000% asked by the Government for the purchase, but the vote could not be ratified before Parliament dispersed, and so the purchase falls through. The Americans, being the next highest bidders, will accordingly carry off the prize.

The New Scottish National Portkaat Gallery acceptance. THE NATIONAL GALLERY has inherited a small collection of

THE NEW SCOTIISH NATIONAL PORTKAIT GALLERY at Edinburgh was opened on Monday by the Marquis of Lothian, Secretary of State for Scotland. Seven years ago an anonymous donor, now acknowledged as Mr. John Findlay, chief proprietor of the Scotsman, offered funds towards establishing a National Portrait Gallery, and he has altogether given 50,000% to the erection of the Gallery and Museum, the balance being provided by Government. The Gallery stands at the east end of Queen Street, and is a handsome building in fourteenth century Gothic style, somewhat suggesting the Doge's Palace at Venice. There is a handsome entrance-hall, with lofty pointed arches, balustrade, and gallery. At present—till the building is quite finished—the pictures occupy the two rooms in the middle storey. Part of the collection shown belongs to the nation, while the remaining pictures are lent. Altogether there are nearly 400 portraits, statues, busts, drawings, and medals of historical Scottish Royalty and celebrities.

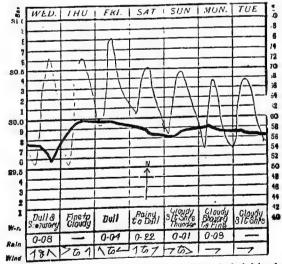
London Mortality increased further last week. The deaths THE NEW SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTKAIT GALLERY at Edin-

historical Scottish Royalty and celebrities.

LONDON MORTALITY increased further last week. The deaths numbered 1,606, against 1,350 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 256, although 109 below the average, while the death-rate went up to 19'3 per 1,000. The advance most affected the fatalities from diarrhæa and dysentery, which reached 258 (a rise of 103), besides 10 from cholera and choleraic diarrhæa. There were 30 deaths from measles (a decline of 1), 26 from whooping-cough (a fall of 8), 25 from diphtheria (a decrease of 13), 9 from scarlet fever, 8 from enteric fever (both numbers similar to last week), and 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever. The births declined to 2,306—433 below the usual return. fever. The births declined to 2,306-433 below the usual return.

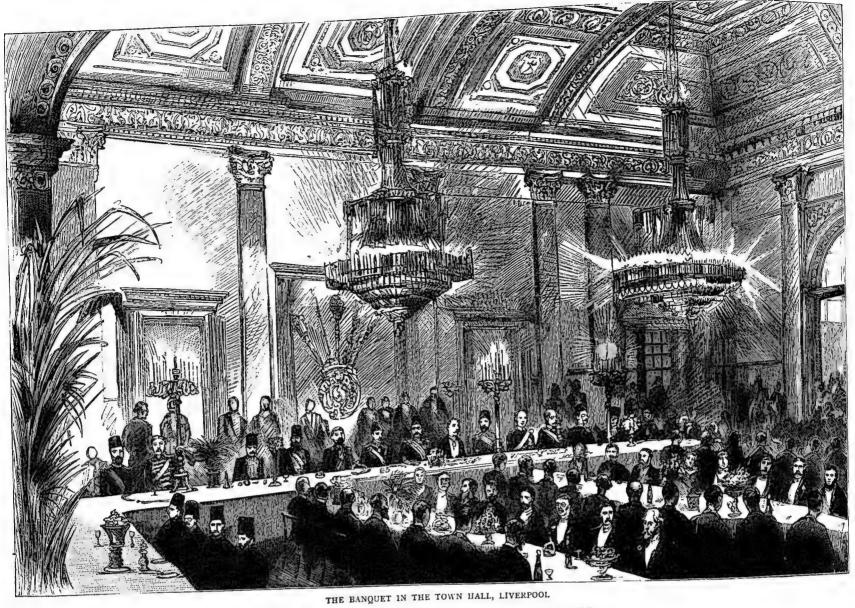
WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JULY 16, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the hight of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (16th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

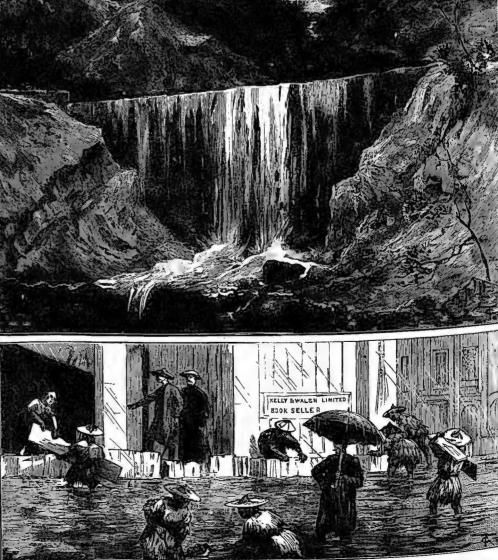
REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been changeable and showery in nearly all parts of the country. Thunderstorms have occurred in the South-East and East, and the accompanying downpour in the latter region has been very heavy. In the course of Wednesday and Thursday (10th and 11th inst.) a depression moved from the neighbourhood of the St. George's Channel to the South of Scandinavia, and produced Southerly to Westerly winds in the South, and Northerly to North-Easterly breezes in the North. The weather was dull and showery during the greater part of the time, while heavy rain was experienced in the North-East of Ireland and adjacent localities. During Friday and Saturday (12th and 13th inst.) large shallow areas of ill-defined low pressure were found over our Islands, with variable breezes generally, but by Sunday morning (14th inst.), and throughout the remainder of the time, gradients for moderate to fresh Northerly to Westerly winds were experienced over the greater part of the country. Alternately sunny and showery conditions prevailed in nearly all places, and while temperature did not differ much from the average, it was distinctly lower than of late. The heaviest falls of rain during the week were 1'03 inches at Donaghadee on Wednesday (10th inst.), 2'02 inches at Cambridge on Friday (12th inst.), and 1'09 inches 1'd affer much from the average, it was distinctly (12th inst.), and 1'09 inches 1'd affer much from a during the ensuing night very heavy thunderstorms were experienced, but at Clapham only 0'14 inch was measured. Speaking broadly the highest te



THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN ENGLAND

OVERFLOWING OF THE SERVICE TANK OF THE TYTAM WATERWORKS AFTER THE STORM





THE DRAIN BURSTING IN ZETLAND STREET

QUEEN'S ROAD FLOODED THE RECENT DISASTROUS FLOODS AT HONG KONG



DRAWN BY W. SMALL,

"The audience," observed Lord Rockminster, "would distinctly prefer to have the song sung."

PRINCE FORTUNATUS" "THE NEW

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &c.

CHAPTER I. A REHEARSAL

WHEN the curtain fell on the last act of *The Squire's Daughter*, the comesly-opera that had taken all musical London by storm, a tall and elegant young English matron and her still taller brother rose from their places in the private box they had been occupying, and made ready to depart; and he had just assisted her to put on her long-skirted coat of rose-red plush when an attendant made his appearance.

her long-skirted coat of rose-red plush when an attendant made his appearance.

"Mt. Moore's compliments, your ladyship, and will you please to step this way?"

The box was close to the stage. Lady Adela Cunyngham and her brother Lord Rockminster followed their guide through a narrow little door and almost at once found themselves in the wings, amid the usual motley crowd of gas-men, scene-shifters, dressers, and the like. But the company were still fronting the foollights; for there had been a general recall, and the curtain had gone up again; and probably, during this brief second of scrutiny, it may have seemed odd to these two strangers to find themselves looking not at rows of smilling faces on the stage but at the backs of the heads of the performers. However, the curtain once more came down; the great wedding-party in the Squire's hall grew suddenly quite business-like and went their several ways as if they had no longer any concern with each other; and then it was that the Squire's daughter herself—a piquant little person she was, in a magnificent costume of richly-flowered white satin, and with a portentous head-gear of powdered hair and brilliants and strings of peatls—was brought forward by a handsome young gentleman who wore a tied wig, a laced coat and ruffles, satin knee-breeches, shining silken stockings, and silver-buckled shoes.

"Lady Adela," said he, "let me introduce you to Miss Burgoyne. Miss Burgoyne has been kind enough to say she will take you into her room for a little while, until 1 get off my war-paint. I shan't keep you more than a few minutes."

"A is very good of you," said the tall young matron in the crimson coat to this gorgeous little white bride, whose lips were brilliant with cherry-paste, and whose bright and frank eyes were surrounded by such a mighty mass of make-up.

"Not at all," she answered, pleasantly enough, and therewith she led the way down some steps into a long white-tiled corridor from which branched the various dressing-rooms. "I'm afraid I can't making—it has

strangers being in the theatre, had gone quickly off to his own dressing-room to change his attire, so that when the two ladies reached a certain half-open door where the prima donna's maid was waiting for her, Lord Rockminster naturally hung back and would have remained without. Miss Burgoyne instantly turned to him.

"Oh, but you may come in too!" she said with great com-

"You may come in too." Since two into a prettily-somewhat timorously he followed these two into a prettily-furnished little sitting-room, where he was bidden to take a seat, and regale himself with lemonade, if he was so minded; and then Miss Burgoyne drew aside the curtain of an inner apartment, and said to her other guest—

"You may come in here, if you like. Mr. Moore said you wished to know about stage make-up and that kind of thing—I will show you all the dreadful secrets—Jane!" Thereupon these three disappeared behind the curtain, and Lord Rockminster was left alone.

disappeared behind the curtain, and Lord Rockminster was left alone.

But Lord Rockminster liked being left alone. He was a great thinker, who rarely revealed his thoughts, but who was quite happy in possessing them. He could sit for an hour at a club-window, calmly gazing out into the street, and be perfectly content. It is true that the pale tobacco-tinge that overspread the young man's fair complexion seemed to speak of an out-of-door life; but he had long ago emancipated himself from the tyranny of field-sports. That thraldom had begun early with him, as with most of his class. He had hardly been out of his Eton jacket when gillies and water-bailiffs got hold of him, and made him thrash salmon-pools with a seventeen-foot rod until his back was breaking; and then keepers and foresters had taken possession of him, and compelled him to crawl for miles up wet gullies and across peat-hags, and then put of the other side of a corrie when, as a matter of fact, his heart was like to burst with excitement and fear. But the young man had some strength of character. He rebelled, he refused to be driven like a slave any longer; he struck for freedom and won it. There was still much travelling to be encountered; but when he had got that over, when he had seen everything and done everything, and there was nothing more to do or to see, then he became master of himself, and conducted himself accordingly. Contemplation, accompanied by a cigarette, was now his chief good. What his meditations were no one knew, but they sufficed unto himself. He had attained Nirvana. He lived in a region of perpetual thought.

But there was one active quality that Lord Rockminster certainly did possess: he was a most devoted brother, as all the town knew. He was never tired of going about with his three beautiful sisters,

or with any one of them; he would fetch and carry for them with the most amiable assiduity; "Rock" they called him, as if he were a retriever. Then the fact that they followed very different pursuits made all the greater demand on his consideration. His youngest sister, Lady Rosamund Bourne, painted indefatigably in both water and oils, and had more than once exhibited in Suffolk Street; Lady Sybil devoted herself to music, and was a well-known figure at charitable concerts; while the eldest sister, Lady Adela, considered literature and the drama as more particularly under her protection, nor had she ceased to interest herself in these graceful arts when she married Sir Hugh Cunyngham, of the Braes, that famous breeder of polled cattle. The natural consequence of all this was breeder of polled cattle. The natural consequence of all this was concerts, theatres, private views, and the like, and always with one or other of his beautiful, tall sisters as his companion; while on a certain occasion (for it was whispered that Lady Adela Cunyngham was engaged in the composition of a novel, and her brother was the soul of good-nature) he had even gone the length of asking a publisher to dine at his club. And here he was seated in an actress's room, alone, while his sister was inspecting powder-puffs, washes, patches, and paste jewellery; and not only that, but they were about to take an actor home to supper with them. What he thought about it all he never said. He sate and stroked his small yellow moustache; his eyes were absent; and on his handsome, almost Greek, features there dwelt a perfect and continuous calm.

Presently the door was opened, and the smart-looking young baritone who had stolen away the hearts of half the women in London made his appearance. He was a young fellow of about eight and twenty, pleasant-featured, his complexion almost colourlesh his heed and shoulders. It may be added that he possessed, what few stage-singers appear to possess, a remarkably well-formed in the substantial protection of the

baritone.
"My sisters are at the Mellords to-night," said she, as she accompanied him along the corridor and up the steps and through the now, almost deserted wings "They were dining there, and

THE GRAPHIC

we left them as we came to the theatre, and promised to pick them up on our way home. There will be a bit of a crush, I suppose; you won't mind coming in for a few minutes, will you, Mr. Moore?" "I don't know Mrs. Mellord," said he, with becoming modesty. "But everybody knows you—that is the great point," said this tall young Englishwoman, who looked very gracious and charming, and who, when she turned to talk to her companion, had a quick, responsive smile ever ready in her clear, intelligent, grey-blue eyes. "Oh, yes, you must come. It is one of the prettiest houses in London; and Mrs. Mellord is one of the nicest women. We will get Sybil and Rose away as soon as we can; and I shouldn't at all wonder if we found Georgie Lestrange and her brother there too. Oh, almost certain, I should say. Then we could carry them off to supper, and after that Pastora might try over her duet with Damon. But as regards the Mellords, Mr. Moore," said she, with a pleasant smile, as he handed her into her brougham, which had been brought round to the stage-door, "I shall consider you to be under my protection, and I will take care no one shall ask you to sing."

"But you know, Lady Adela I am always delighted to sing for

sing."
"But you know, Lady Adela, I am always delighted to sing for "But you know, Lady Adela, I am always delighted to sing for any friend of yours," said he, promptly enough; and then, when he and Lord Rockminster had entered the carriage, and the footman and Lord Rockminster had entered the carriage, and the footman

and Lord Rockminster had entered the carriage, and the footman had shut the door and got on the box, away they drove through the busy midnight world of London.

It did not take them long to get from the New Theatre to the house of the famous Academician; and here, late as it was, they found plenty of people still arriving, a small crowd of onlookers scanning the various groups as they crossed the pavement. On this hot night in May, it seemed pleasantly cool to get into the great hall of white and black marble, where the miniature lake, on which floated an alabaster swan, was all banked round with flowers; and when Lady Adela had dispossessed herself of her long plush coat, it was evident she had dressed for the reception before going to the theatre, for now she appeared in a costume of silver-grey satin with a very considerable train, while there were diamond stars in her light brown hair, and at her bosom a bunch of deep crimson roses. At the head of the stairs they encountered Mrs. Mellord, who received the famous young baritone with the most marked kindness. Indeed, he seemed to be known to a considerable number of the people who were assembled in these spacious rooms of white and grold, while these who were assembled in these spacious rooms of white and grold, while these who were assembled in these spacious rooms of white and grold, while these who were assembled in the second the same through the same and ground the same through through the same through the same through the same through t received the famous young baritone with the most marked kindness. Indeed, he seemed to be known to a considerable number of the people who were assembled in these spacious rooms of white and gold; while those who were not personally acquainted with him easily recognised him, for were not his photographs in every stationer's window in London? The Ladies Sybil and Rosamund Bourne they found in the studio, talking to the great Academician himself. These two young ladies were even taller, as they likewise were fairer in complexion, than their married sister: moreover, they were much more dignified in demeanour than she was, though that may have merely arisen from maidenly reserve. But when Mr. Mellord exhibited at the Royal Academy his much-talked-of picture of the three sisters, most people seemed to think that though the two younger ladies might have carried off the palm for their handsome, pale, regularly-cut features and their calm, observant eyes, there was something in the bright, vivacious look of the eldest that outweighed these advantages; while in society, and especially as a hostess in her own house, the charm of Lady Adela's manner, and her quick, sympathetic, engaging ways made her a universal favourite. And if one were in amazement to ask how it came about that a woman so alert and intelligent, so conversant with the world, so ready to note the ridiculous side of things, could not understand what a poor and lamentable figure she made as an amateur authoress? But had the Lady Sybil any less confidence in her musical attainments, when she would undertake to play a duet with one of the most distinguished of professional musicians, she on the violin, he at the piano? And here, at this very moment, was Lady Rosamund talking to by far and away the greatest painter in England, and there was a picture before them on an easel, and she was saying to him with perfect coolness—

"Why, I see you use cadmium yellow, Mr. Mellord! I never do."

Somehow an impression got abroad through these brilliant rooms that Mr. M

Somehow an impression got abroad through these brilliant rooms that Mr. Moore was going to sing; and at length Mrs. Mellord came to the young man and frankly preferred her request.

"Oh, yes," said he, most good-naturedly.

"The serenade?" she ventured to hint.

"Oh, not the serenade!" said he, with a laugh. "Every butcher's boy in the streets whistles it."

"All England is singing it—and a good thing too," she made answer; and then she said, with some emphasis: "I am sure no one rejoices more than myself at the great popularity of The Squire's Daughter. I am very glad to see that a comedy-opera may be based on the best traditions of English music; and I hope we shall have a great deal less of the Offenbach tinkle-tankle."

"The serenade, if you like, then," said he, with careless goodhumour: what did it matter to him?

"And whom shall I get to play an accompaniment for you?"

"And whom shall I get to play an accompaniment for you?"

"Oh, you needn't trouble—I can do that for myself—" "But you must make one young lady supremely happy," said she, with insidious flattery.

He glanced round the studio.

she, with insidious flattery.

He glanced round the studio.

"I see Miss Lestrange over there—she has played it for me before
—without the music, I mean."

"Then I'll go and fetch her," said the indefatigable hostess; and
now everybody seemed to know that Mr. Lionel Moore was about
to sing "The Starry Night."

Miss Georgie Lestrange was no sooner appealed to than she
came through the crowd, smiling and laughing. She was an
exceedingly pretty lass, with fresh-complexioned cheeks, a pert and
attractive nose, a winsome mouth, and merry blue eyes that were
hardly made grave by the pince-nez that she habitually wore. She
was very prettily dressed, too—in blue and silver brocade, with a
high Medici collar of silver lace, puffed sleeves with twisted cords of
silver, and silver fillets binding the abundant masses of her ruddygolden hair. She sate down at the piano, and the first notes of the
accompaniment deepened the silence that now prevailed not only
in this big studio but throughout the communicating rooms.

Probably there was not a human being in the place who had not
heard this serenade sung a dozen times over, for it was the most
popular air of the most popular piece then being played in London;
but there was some kind of novelty in listening to the same notes
that had thrilled through the theatre (rather, that had sent their
passionate appeal up to a certain mysterious balcony, in the dim
moonlight of the stage) now pulsating through the hushed silence
of these modern rooms. Lionel Moore was not a baritone of altogether rare and exceptional gifts, otherwise he might hardly have
been content with even the popularity and the substantial rewards gether rare and exceptional gifts, otherwise he might hardly have been content with even the popularity and the substantial rewards of comic opera; but he had a very excellent voice for all that, of high range, and with a resonant and finely sympathetic timbre that seemed easily to find its may force and to all contents to the high range, and with a resonant and intely sympathetic timer that seemed easily to find its way (according to all accounts) to the feminine heart. And the music of this serenade was really admirable, of subtle and delicate quality, and yet full of the simplest melody, and perhaps none the less to be appreciated that it seemed to suggest a careful study of the best English composers. The words were conventional enough of course; but then the whole words were conventional enough, of course; but then the whole story of *The Squire's Daughter* was as artificial as the wigs and powder and patches of the performers; and even now, when *Harry Thornkill*, bereft of all his gay silk and lace and ruffles and become plain Mr. Lionel Moore, in ordinary evening dress, sang to Miss Georgie Lestrange's accompaniment, the crowd did not think of the words—they were entranced by the music. "The starry night"—this is how Harry Thornhill in the opera addresses Grace Main-

waring, he standing in the moonlit garden and looking up to her

The starry night brings me no rest; My ardent love now stands confessed; Appear, my sweet, and shame the skies, That have no splendour, That have no splendour like thine eyes!'

The serenade was followed by a general murmur of approbation

The serenade was followed by a general murmur of approbation rather than by any loud applause; but the pretty Mrs. Mellord came up to the singer, and was most profuse of thanks. Prudently, however, he moved away from the piano, being accompanied by Miss however, he moved away from the piano, being accompanied by Miss Georgie Lestrange, who seemed rather pleased with the prominence this position gave her; and very soon a surreptitious message this position gave her; and very soon a surreptitious message this position gave her; and very soon a surreptitious message this position gave her; and very soon a surreptitious message this position gave her; thereupon the collected, including Miss Lestrange's brother Percy; thereupon the collected, including Miss Lestrange's brother Percy; thereupon the four ladies got into the brougham and drove off; while the three four ladies got into the brougham and drove off; while the three four ladies got into the brougham and drove off; while the three four ladies got into the kerney in the summit of campden Hill.

It was a pleasantly warm night, and they had no further to while. It was a pleasantly warm night, and they had no further to while. It was a pleasantly warm night, and they had no further to while, it was solitary warming the summit of Campden Hill.

When at length they arrived there, and had entered by the wooden gate, the semicircular carriage-drive, lit by two solitary lamps, and the front of the house itself, half-hidden among the black trees, seemed somewhat sombre and repellent at this silent hour of the morning; but they found a more cheerful radiance hour of the morning; but they found a more cheerful radiance hour of the morning; but they found a more cheerful radiance hour of the morning; but they found a more cheerful radiance hour of the morning; and when they went into the large dining-room, where the ladies had already assembled, there was no lack of either light or them; for all the candles were ablaze, and the long table was soon as supper was served, t

petted him as he was used to be petted, wherever that fortunate young man happened to go.

However, it was not supper that was chiefly occupying the attention of this band of eager chatterers (from whom the silent Lord Rockminster, walking gravely round the table with a large jug of champagne-cup in his hand, must honourably be distinguished) it was the contemplated production of a little musical entertainment called The Chaplet, by Dr. Boyce, which they were about to attempt, out-of-doors, on some afternoon still to be fixed, and before a select concourse of friends. And the most vivacious of the talkers was the red-headed and merry-eyed young maiden in blue silver and brocade, who seemed incapable of keeping her rosebud of a mouth closed for more than a minute at a time.

"I do think it's awfully hard on me," she was protesting. "Look how I'm handicapped! Everybody knows that Pastora was played by Kitty Clive; and everybody will say, 'That Lestrange girl has cheek, hasn't she?—thinks she can play Kitty Clive's parts! And you know Pastora is always calling attention to her fascinating appearance."

"Georgie, you're fishing for compliments!" the young matron said, severely.

"No. I'm not. Adela." said Miss Lestrange who indeed looked

said, severely.

"No, I'm not, Adela," said Miss Lestrange, who, indeed, looked as charming as any Kitty Clive could ever have done. "Then there's another thing: fancy my having to sing a duet with Mr. Moore! It's all very well for you to sing a song off your own

"That would be difficult, Georgie," Lady Adela observed.
"Oh, you know what I mean. But when you come to sing in conjunction with an artist like Mr. Moore, what then? They will say it is mere presumption, when my little squeak of a voice gets

drowned altogether."
"If you give any weight to a professional opinion, Miss Lestrange,"
the young baritone said, "I can assure you, you sing your part in
that duet—or in anything else I've heard you sing—very well
indeed. Very well indeed."

"Ah, now Georgie's happy," said Lady Adela, with a laugh, as the blushing damsel cast down her eyes. "Well, I propose that we all go into the drawing-room, and we'll hear for ourselves how Pastora and Damon sing together. You may make as much noise as ever you like; the children are in Hampshire; Hugh is in Scotland; the servants are out of hearing; and our neighbours are a long way off."

a long way off."

This suggestion, coming from the lady of the house, was of the nature of a command; and so they leisurely trooped into the great drawing-room, where the candles were still burning. But there was something else than these artificial lights that attracted the sharp eyes of Miss Georgie Lestrange the moment she entered this new apartment. There was a curious, wan kind of colour about the curtains and the French windows that did not seem natural to the room. She walked quickly forward, drew the lace hangings aside, and then suddenly she exclaimed,

"Why, it's almost daylight! Look here, Adela, why shouldn't we have a rehearsal of the whole piece, from end to end—a real rehearsal, this time, on the lawn, and Rose can tell us all how we are to stand, and Mr. Moore will show us what we should do besides merely speaking the lines?"

This bold proposal was greeted with general acclaim, and instantly

merely speaking the lines?

This bold proposal was greeted with general acclaim, and instantly there was a bustle of preparation. Lady Sybil began to tune her violin by the side of the open piano; Lady Rosamund, who was at once scene-painter and stage-manager, as it were, got out some sheets of drawing-paper on which she had sketched the various groups; and Lady Adela brought forth the MS. books of the play, which had been prepared under the careful (and necessary) appropriate of had been prepared under the careful (and necessary) supervision of

Lionel Moore.

"Rockminster will have to figure as the audience," his eldest sister said, as she was looping up her long train of silver-grey satin

sister said, as she was looping up her long train of silver-grey satin preparatory to going out.

"That is a part I could play to perfection," put in Miss Lestrange's brother.

"Oh, no," Lady Adela remonstrated. "You may be wanted for Palæmon. You see, this is how it stands. The young shepherd was originally played at Drury Lane by a boy—and in Dublin by an actress: it is a boy's part, indeed. Well, you know, we thought Cis Yorke would snap at it; and she was eager enough at first; but "—and here Lady Adela smiled demurely—"I think her courage gave way. The boy's dress looked charming as Rose sketched it for her—and the long cloak made it quite proper, you know—and very picturesque, too—but—but I think she's frightened. We can't count on her. So we may have to call on you for Palæmon, Mr. Lestrange." Lestrange."
"And I have taken the liberty of cutting out the song, for it's

rather stupid," said Lionel Moore, "so you've only got a few lines

"The fewer the better," replied Mr. Percy Lestrange, who was possibly right in considering that, with his far from regular features and his red hair and moustache, his appearance as a handsome young swain should not have too much prominence given it. to repeat.

Notwithstanding that it had been Miss Lestrange's audacious proposal that they should go masquerading in the open air, she was a wise young virgin, and she took care before going out to thrust a soft

silk handkerchief into the square opening of her dress; the Ladies Sybil and Rosamund followed her example by drawing a lace scarf Sybil and Rosamund lollowed her example by drawing a lace scarf round their neck and shoulders; it was the young matron who was reprehensibly careless, and who, when the French windows were thrown open, went forth boldly, and without any wrap at all, into the cool air of the dawn. But for a second, as they stood on the the cool air of the dawn. But for a second, as they stood on the little stone balcony above the steps leading down to the garden, this group of revellers were struck silent. The world looked so strange around them. In the mysterious grey light, that had no sort of kindly warmth in it, the grass of the lawn and of the surrounding trees seemed coldly and intensely green; and cold and intense, with no richness of hue at all, were the colours of the flowers in the various plots and beds. Not a bird chirped as yet. Not a leaf stired. But in this ghostly twilight the solitary gas-lamps were beginning to show pale; and in the southern heavens the silver sickle of the moon, stealing over to the west, seemed to be taking the night with it, and leaving these faintly-lilac skies to welcome the unrising of it, and leaving these faintly-lilac skies to welcome the uprising of

At first, indeed, there was something curiously uncanny—some-thing unearthly and phantasmal almost—in the spectacle of these figures, the women in white, the men in black, moving through this wan light; and their voices sounded strangely in the dead silence; but ere long a soft saffron tinge began to show itself in the east; one or two scraps of cloud in the violet skies caught a faint touch of the coming dawn; there was a more generous tone on the masses the coming dawn; there was a more generous tone on the masses of foliage, on the flower-beds, and on the grass; and now the cheerful chirping of the birds had begun among the leaves. And what more beautiful surroundings could have been imagined for the production of any pastoral entertainment? The wide lawn was bounded on one side by a dense thicket of elms and limes and chestnuts, and on the other by a tall dark hedge of holly; while here and there was a weeping-willow round the stem of which a circular seat had been constructed, the pendulous branches enclosing a sort of rustic bower. As this fantastic performance went formers a sort of rustic bower. As this fantastic performance went forward, the skies overhead slowly became more luminous; there was a sense of warmth and clear daylight beginning to tell; the birds were of warmth and clear daying the beginning to ten, the binds were singing and chattering and calling everywhere; and the sweet, pure air of the morning, as it stirred, and no more than stirred, the trembling leaves, brought with it a scent of mignonette, that seemed to speak of the coming of June.

Laura, in the person of Lady Adela Cunyngham, had reproached the faithless Damon (who was no other than Mr. Lionel Moore)—

Ungrateful Damon, is it come to this? Are these the happy Scenes of promis'd Bliss? Ne'er hope, vain Laura, future Peace to prove; Content ne'er harbours with neglected Love.

—and Damon had replied (not mumbling his lines, as a privileged actor sometimes does at rehearsal, but addressing them properly to the hapless Laura)-

Consider, Fair, the ever-restless Pow'r, Shifts with the Breeze, and changes with the Hour: Above Restraint, he scorns a fixt Abode, And on his silken Plumes flies forth the rambling God!

Then Lady Sybil took out her violin from its case and drew the

bow across the strings.
"We'll let you off the song, if you like, Mr. Moore," Lady Adela said to the young baritone, but in a very half-hearted kind of

way.
"Oh, no," said he, pleasantly, "perhaps this may be my only rehearsal."

Rockminster, who, at a little

rehearsal."

"The audience," observed Lord Rockminster, who, at a little distance, was lying back in a garden-chair, smoking a cigarette, "the audience would distinctly prefer to have the song sung."

Lady Sybil again gave him the key-note from the violin; and without further accompaniment he thus addressed his forsaken sweetheart.

sweetheart - You say at your Feet that I wept in Despair, And vow d that no Angel was ever so fair; How could you believe all the Nonsense I spoke? What know we of Angels, I meant it in Joke,
I meant it in Joke,
What know we of Angels, I meant it in Joke."

When, in his rich, vibrating notes he had sung the two verses, all the ladies rewarded him by clapping their hands, which was an exceedingly wrong thing to do, considering that they formed no part of the audience. Then Damon says—

'To-day Demætus gave a rural Treat, And I once more my chosen Friends must meet: Farewell, sweet Damsel, and remember this, Dull Repetition deadens all our Bliss.'

And Laura sadly answers-

Where baleful Cypress forms a gloomy Shade, And yelling Spectres haunt the dreary Glade; Unknown to all, my lonesome Steps I'll bend; There weep my Suff rings, and my Fate attend.

Unknown to all, my lonesome Steps I'll bend;
There weep my Suff'rings, and my Fate attend.

Here Laura ought to sing the song 'Vain is every fond Endeavour;' but Lady Adela said to the violinist—
"No, never mind, Syb; no one wants to hear me sing, until the necessity of the case arises. Let's get on to the feast: I think that will be very popular; for we must have lots of shepherds and will be very popular; for we must have lots of shepherds and friends. Where's your sketch, Rose? I would have groups round friends. Where's your sketch, Rose? I would have groups round forwards through those rhododendrons."
"You must leave the principal performers plenty of stage," "You must leave the principal performers plenty of stage," supers, however picturesque their dress may be."

And so they went on discussing their arrangements, while the refulgent day was everywhere declaring itself, though as yet no refulgent day was everywhere declaring itself, though as yet no sound of the far-off world could reach this isolated garden. Not was there any direct sunshine falling into it; but a beautiful wanth of colour now shone on the young green of the elms and chestnuss of colour now shone on the young green of the elms and chestnus of colour now shone on the young green of the elms and chestnus of colour now shone on the young green of the elms and chestnus of the ovals, and squares—were each a mass of brilliant vermilion, trembling popular now, of crimson-and-orange, or clearest gold. This rose, of pale lemon, of crimson-and-orange, or clearest gold. This rose, of pale lemon, of crimson-and-orange, or clearest gold. This rose, of pale lemon, of crimson-and orange, or clearest gold. This rose, of pale lemon, of crimson-and-orange, or clearest gold. This rose, of pale lemon, of crimson-and-orange, or clearest gold. This rose, of pale lemon, of crimson-and-orange, or clearest gold. This rose, of pale lemon, of crimson-and-orange, or clearest gold. This rose, of pale lemon, of crimson-and-orange, or clearest gold. This rose, of pale

welvet-smooth lawn.

And now the bewitching *Pastora* appears upon the scene (but would Mrs. Clive have worn a gold pince-nez at rehearsal?) and would Mrs. Clive have worn a gold pince-nez at rehearsal?

'Insulting Boy! I'll tear him from my mind;
Ah! wou'd my Fortune cou'd a Husband find:
And just in Time, young Damon comes this Way,
A handsome Youth he is, and rich, they say,

The butterfly-hearted Damon responds at once-

Vouchsafe, sweet Maid, to hear a wretched Swain,
Who lost in Wonder, hugs the pleasing Chain:
For you in Sighs I hail the rising Day;
To you at Eve I sing the lovesick Lay;
Then take my Love, my Homage as your due,
The Devil's in her, if all this won't do.'
[Aside.

It must be confessed that the pretty and smiling and blushing Miss Georgie Lestrange looked just a little self-conscious as she had to fisten to this extremely frank declaration; but she had the part of the coquettish Pastora to play; and Pastora, as soon as she discovers that Damon has no thought of marriage, naturally declines to have anything to do with him. And here came in the duet which half first suggested this escapade: had first suggested this escapade:

DAMON. From Flow'r to Flow'r his Joy to change Flits youder wanton Bee; From Fair the will I range, And I'll be ever free. From Fair to Fair thus will I range, And I'll be ever free.

PASTORA. You litt'e Birds attentive view,
That hop from Tree to Tree;
I'll copy them, I'll copy you,
For I'll be ever free.

DUETTO. Then let's divide to East and West, Since we shall ne'er agree;
An try who keeps their Promise best
And who's the longest free.
Let's try who keeps their Promise best
And who's the longest free.

And again the audience made bold to clap their hands; for Miss Georgie Lestrange, despite her self-depreciation, sang very well indeed; and of course Lionel Moore knew how to moderate his voice, so that the combination was entirely pleasing. The further progress of the little comedy needs not to be described here; it has only to be said that the injured Laura is in the end restored to her repentant lover; and that a final duet between her and Damon closes the piece with the most praiseworthy sentiments—

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins renown'd, For their Honour and Faith we out virgins removed;
Nor faise to his Vows one young Shepherd be found;
Be their Moments all guided by Virine and Truth,
To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their Youth,
To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their Youth.'

Lord Rockminster rose from his chair, stretched his long legs, and

threw away his cigarette.

"Very well done," said he, slowly. "Congratulate all of you."

"This is the first time I ever saw Rockminster sit out a morning performance," observed Percy Lestrange, with a playful grin.

"As for you young things," the mistress of the house said to her girl-guests, as they were all trooping in by the French windows again, "you must hurry home and get indoors before the servants are up. I don't want this frolic to be talked about all over the

"A frolic, indeed!" Miss Georgie protested, as her brother was putting her cloak round her shoulders. "I don't call it a frolic at all. I call it very serious business; and I'm looking forward to winning the deepest gratitude of the English public-or at least as much of the English public as you can cram into your garden, my

dear."

Then as soon as the light wraps and dust-coats had been distributed and donned, the members of the gay little party said good-bye to Lady Adela in the front hall, and went down the carriage sweep to the gate. Here there was a division; for the Lestranges were going north by Holland Lane to Notting Hill; while Lord Rockminster and his two sisters, making for Palace Gardens Terrace, walked with Lionel Moore only as far as Campden Hill Road: thereafter he pursued his journey to Piccadilly alone.

And even now London was not fully awake, though the sun was touching the topmost branches of the trees, and here and there a high window, struck by the level rays, flashed back a gleam of gold. In this neighbourhood the thoroughfares were quite deserted;

touching the topmost branches of the trees, and here and there a high window, struck by the level rays, flashed back a gleam of gold. In this neighbourhood the thoroughfares were quite deserted; silence reigned over those sleeping houses; the air was sweet and cool; now and again a stirring of wind brought a scent of summerblossom from within the garden-enclosures. It is true that when he got down into Kensington Road he found a long procession of waggons slowly making their way into the great city; but this dull, drowsy noise was not ungrateful; in much content and idly he walked away eastward, looking in from time to time at the beautiful greensward of Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park. He was in no hurry. He liked the stillness, the gracious coolness and quietude of the morning, after the hot and feverish nights at the theatre. When at length he reached his lodging in Piccadilly, let himself in with his latchkey, and went upstairs to his rooms, he did not go to bed at once. He drew an easy-chair to the front window, threw himself into it, lit a cigarette, and stared absently across to the branching elms and grassy undulations of the Green Park. Perhaps he was thinking of the pretty, fantastic little comedy that had just been performed up in that garden at Campden Hill—like some dream-picture out of Boccaccio. And if he chanced to recall the fact that the actor who originally played the part of Damon, at Drury Lane, some hundred and forty years ago, married in real life an Earl's daughter, that was but a passing fancy. Of Lord Farethe latt that the actor who originally played the part of Damon, at Drury Lane, some hundred and forty years ago, married in real life an Earl's daughter, that was but a passing fancy. Of Lord Fareborough's three daughters, it was neither Lady Sybil nor Lady Rosamund, it was the married sister, Lady Adela Cunyngham, who had constituted herself his particular friend.

(To be continued)



Being Mr. Thiselton Dyer's, "Great Men at Play" (Remington) is admirably done; but ought not Mr. Dyer to be at better work? Is it his play—the play of one who is an authority on plant-lore and kindral. Pollikindred subjects—to wrap himself in Dr. Doran's man:le? kindred subjects—to wrap himself in Dr. Doran's man:le? Polliollis meliora, we say, as we read how Lord Tenterden never mounted
a horse in his life, alleging, "My father was too poor to keep one,
and I was too proud ever to earn sixpence by holding the horse of
another," while Lord Eldon did all his courting on horseback,
meeting Bessie Surtees on the Shields road, and bribing her old
groun to secreey; how Pope preferred a street-organ to Handel's
oratorios; while Gainsborough was so fond of the violin that he
said to Colonel Hamilton, tears of grapture rolling down his cheeks. said to Colonel Hamilton, tears of rapture rolling down his cheeks.
"Go on, and I'll give you the picture of 'The Boy at the Stile;'
which you've so often wished to buy of me." Mr. Dyer does not always escape twaddle, as when he tells us that T. Assheton Smith's scalet dinner coat was lived with white silk; who could, when he scarlet dinner-coat was lined with white silk; who could, when he has to fill two volumes with things new and old? But his stories

are generally racy, and many of them will be new to most readers. Of course there are slips. Thus, if Dr. Samuel Clarke said: "Boys, be wise; here comes a fool," when interrupted at leapfrog over the chairs, he was but repeating what Henry IV. of France remarked when the Spanish Ambassador was announced. We should like to know who stigmatised bowls as "a childish game;" and we would be the chair of the course of the chairs and the chair when the stigmatised bowls as "a childish game;" and we would be considered the chair of the chai know who stigmatised bowls as "a childish game;" and we would fain have been in Gunter's boots when, having answered Lord Alvanley's praise of his horse with, "Yes, my lord, but he's so hot I can't hold him," that model nobleman replied, "Why the devil don't you ice him, then?" "Gunter did not relish the suggestion," remarks Mr. Dyer; Lord Alvanley would not have relished our way of noticing it. If Lord Alvanley said the most gratuitou-ly-insulting thing that Mr. Dyer records, the best (ben trovato, we fear) was said by Damiens' executioner when Selwyn was forcing his way to the front, "Faites place pour monsieur. C'est un Anglais et un amateur." The clever retort to the judge who told a witness: "Hold up your head, sir. Can't you look as I do?" "Nay, for you squint," is an old friend in a new dress.

Sergeant Robinson naturally confines himself to lawyers; but, as

"Hold up your head, sir. Can't you look as I do?" "Nay, for you squint," is an old friend in a new dress.

Sergeant Robinson naturally confines himself to lawyers; but, as they have a well-earned title to be the most amusing of men, "Bench and Bar" (Hurst and Blackett) is in its own limits just as lively as Mr. Dyer's more comprehensive book. By dubbing himself "one of the last of an old race," Mr. Robinson hints that, like Irish humour, lawyers' wit is not what it was. Certain it is that the present race must look about them if they would keep up to the standard temporis acti, when "the tribunal of the Bar-mess was supreme, and the unwritten law of the Bar was cheerfully obeyed, and gaining notoriety was not looked on as the same thing as obtaining distinction." The Serjeant is deservedly severe on the Town, the Satirist, and such like papers, whose lubricity, he fears, is likely nowadays to be reproduced; but is he right in classing Alderman Harmer's Weekly Dispatch among them? It was the Reynolds of those days, that is all. On every page Mr. Robinson has something good. Deaf Sir W. Maule telling a mumbling witness: "If you don't speak louder, I shall teach you the difference between aloud and disallowed;" the same judge retorting on one who said: "I have been wedded to truth from my infancy," "Yes; but the question is how long you've been a widower;" Charnock and the "umbrella case;" Edwin James saying to Lord Campbell: "I will retire, and no longer trespass on your lordship's impatience"— Of this kind of thing one cannot have too much. But the book is not all cakes and ale; there is a kindly word for good loseph Pavne. Assistant-Judge. Ragged School founder, and verse-

will retire, and no longer trespass on your lordship's impatience"— Of this kind of thing one cannot have too much. But the book is not all cakes and ale; there is a kindly word for good Joseph Payne, Assistant-Judge, Ragged School founder, and verse-writer; there is also Maule's celebrated bigamy sentence, to which the Divorce Court is said to owe its existence.

Everybody thinks he or she can take a Sunday School class; therefore everybody should read Rev. Kingsmill Moore's "Fundamental Principles" (London, Sunday School Institute; Dublin, Church of Ireland Educational Repository). Besides marking the difference between instructing and educating, Mr. Moore illustrates in simple style what sensation, perception, and conception are. We can hardly believe, despite England's colossal ignorance of Ireland, in "the English lady who expected the Irish rivers to run uphill."

"Will You Be Confirmed?" (Smith and Innes) seems peremptory; but Mr. J. Palmer gives reasons for asking the question. In "The Sin of Doing Nothing" (Smith and Innes), he forcibly appeals to the growing class who take no share in Church work.

Mr. G. M. Robinson, in his "Essays Towards a Critical Method" (Fisher Unwin), would have us give due heed to "towards." (Fisher Unwin), would have us give due heed to "towards." (Fisher Unwin), would have us give due heed to "towards." Indeed the ordinary dictum, "every man his own critic," is supported by such a manifest difference between doctors as that, for instance, between Mr. Myers (in the March Nineteenth Century) on "Tennyson as Prophet" and "The Art of Tennyson" in these essays. The Laureate, thinks Mr. Robinson, has written himself out. He takes to padding. "In all of us there is or was a poet whom the man survives, and the flower of his summer-nourished brain or vernal blood has found its fulfilment like every other cosmic energy." Some of us had forgotten that Coleridge, in 1832, was as hard on Tennyson ("the misfortune is, that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what

energy." Some of us had forgotten that Coleridge, in 1832, was as hard on Tennyson ("the misfortune is, that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is") as is Mr. Swinburne when he complains that "there are whole poems of Lord Tennyson's first period which are no more properly to be called metrical than the more shapeless parts of Walt Whitman." The Laureate's chief offence in Mr. Robinson's eyes is his title; "The ermine of the peer will trail its ceremonious length below the seer's exiguous mantle." Many will be grateful for our author's careful paper on Mr. Howells' novels. Throughout, indeed, his is a book to make one think; though phrases like "critics in a conspiracy of silence as to the popular mythology" are surely worse than needless.

Part I. of Professor Nichol's "Francis Bacon" (Blackwood), a valuable addition to the "Philosophical Classics for English Readers," deals with the life. Part II. will deal with the philosophy, against which Kuno Fischer was biassed through accepting the judgment of Macaulay and Dr. Abbott on the life. Professor Nicholaims at being just. If Mr. Spedding is "bent on believing the best," even Dean Church and De Rémusat have believed the worst; "it is so Dean Church and De Rémusat have believed the worst; "it is so Dean Church and De Rémusat have believed the worst; "it is so Dean Church and De Rémusat have believed the worst; "it is so Dean Church and De Rémusat have believed the worst; "it is so Dean Church and De Rémusat have believed the worst; "it is so Dean Church and De Rémusat have believed the worst; "it is so Dean Church and De Rémusat have believed the worst; "it is so Dean Church and De Rémusat have believed the worst; "it is so Dean Church and De Rémusat have believed the worst; it is so Dean Church and De Rémusat have believed the worst; it is so Dean Church and De Rémusat have believed the worst; it is so Dean Church and De Rémusat have believed the worst; it is so Dean Church and De Rémusat have believed the worst; it is so De have wished to atone for the shameless treacheries of his father. Dr. Abbott, who should know, pronounces Tyrone's conditions a forgery. Anyhow, Bacon is self-condemned. No special pleading can whiten the man who could go shares in the bribes whereby the meaner of Essex's followers saved their lives. Mr. Nichol's does all that man can for him, but it is not much.

Mr. J. Fordyce's "Aspects of Scepticism" (Elliot Stock) has reached a second edition. A large order came in from Australia. where Dr.

Mr. J. Fordyce's "Aspects of Scepticism" (Elliot Stock) has reached a second edition. A large order came in from Australia, where Dr. Dale found (as we lately noticed) that "Supernatural Religion" is getting out of date. We are glad Mr. Fordyce recognises the mischief done by apologists ("Christians are responsible for many of the opinions of Scepticism"). Does not he himself err in this way when (page 265) he makes so light of the call "to be moral for the sake of posterity?" It is divinely true that "Christianity lays hold of the weak and sinful, and lifts them up to purity and strength of purpose;" but no good is done to the sceptic by insisting, in spite of his protests, that his creed is but "the gospel of enlightened selfishness;" while to say with Professor Wace "The final answer to all objections against belief in God is that the Lord Jesus lived and died in it," certainly does not prove the truth Lord Jesus lived and died in it," certainly does not prove the truth Lord Jesus lived and died in it," certainly does not prove the truth of Christianity in the popular sense. We are curious to know how Mr. Fordyce's book will be received by the Antipodals. Will they, for instance, agree with Mr. Fordyce (page 178) in identifying "Mr. Spencer's Unknown Power behind phenomena with the Trinity—God the Unrevealable, God the Revealed, and God the Revealer?" Revealer?"

Sir R. Temple's "Lord Lawrence" and Mr. G. Hooper's "Wellington" are the latest contributions to "Englishmen of Action" (Macmillan). The former is one of the most valuable of the Series. (Macmillan). The former is one of the most valuable of the Series. Sir R, Temple writes chiefly from personal knowledge—he was Lawrence's secretary during his busy years in the Punjaub, and was with him as Councillor when he was Viceroy. It was the prompt energy with which Lawrence sent up the siege-train from Delhi to Lords Hardinge and Gough that won him the joint-Administratorship of the Punjaub. Here he and his elder brother Henry differed

so seriously that the latter, who was disposed to be too tender with vested interests, was removed by Lord Dalhousie. To John's energy during the "War of the Mutinies" was due the storming of Delhi, which was the turning-point of the whole business. Had Henry lived, it may be doubtful whether he or John would have succeeded Lord Elgin; it is certain that John could never have done what he did had he not been admirably served, and that the best of service would have been useless had it not been deftly gathered up by his vigorous mind. His stern determination did not belie his ancestry—his mother was descended from John Knox. He was scarcely as ready in providing against the Orissa famine as he had been in checkmating the mutineers; but he was then fifty-eight in tead of forty-eight, and was not well served by the then Governor of Bengal. Wellington, no favourite with his mother, Lady Mornington, began life as "the ugly duckling" of his family. This accounts for the uncertainty about the date and place of his birth. Mr. Hooper tells his wondrous story remarkably well, whether he details the Indian campaigns, or shows how Sir Arthur cleared Portugal of the French in twelve days, or points out the shortcomings of the commissariat, or paints, with Napierian spirit, the varying scenes of the hardfought fight at Talavera. What might have happened in Spain had Ney and Soult pulled together, instead of madly thwarting one another, it is as idle to conjecture as it is to fancy what would have happened if Blucher had not come up, and Grouchy had, at Waterloo. Lord Wolseley is quite right in reminding us that Napoleon was not in 1815 the man he was at Austerlitz; but this does not detract from Wellington's greatness. Mr. Hooper manages to put a deal of freshness into an oft-told tale. One is glad to read how the Duke carried Catholic Emancipation "in spite of the King, the Duke of Cumberland, the Lievens, and the old Tories," at the cost of being involved in the same "atmosphere of calumny" in which Peel was momentarily en

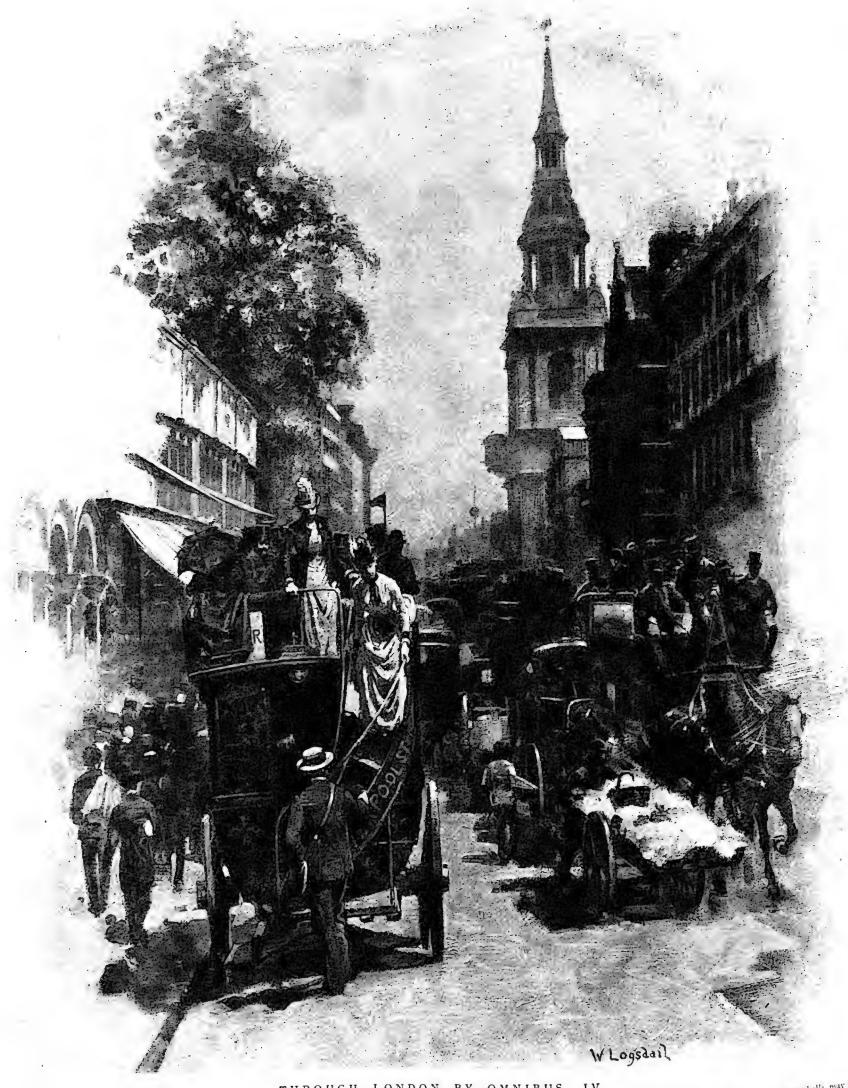
little souvenir of the Paris Exhibition could be possibly issued. All the drawings are reproduced by different mechanical processes, but the clearness and delicacy of line are well shown on every

page.

MINOR BOOKS.—Dr. Gordon Stables' "Dog-Owners' Kennel Companion and Referee" (Dean and Son) is one of the best cheap books on the rearing and general treatment of dogs we have seen. The book contains practical information as to the different varieties of the caping against the proposed of their learning the proposed of the pro Companion and Referee "(Dean and Son) is one of the Best Cheap books on the rearing and general treatment of dogs we have seen. The book contains practical information as to the different varieties of the canine species, the management of their kennels, the proper treatment of their various ailments, and many other particulars which will be found useful to dog-owners. The volume is illustrated with several very spirited drawings by Mr. Louis Wain.—The current number of "Our Celebrities" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) includes portraits of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Cardinal Manning, and Sir Sydney H. Waterlow, Bart. The photographs are executed in Mr. Walery's usual style of excellence, and the descriptive letterpress which accompanies them is instructive and interesting.—"Dignitaries of the Church" (Hatchards) appears this month for the first time, containing photographs of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dean of Truro, and Dean of Worcester. The portraits, which are from photographs by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of 230, Regent Street, are admirably executed, and are supplemented by brief, but well-written, biographical notes on each Dignitary.—"Essays on Men and Books," selected from the earlier writings of Lord Macaulay, is the latest addition to the admirable "Lotos" series (Trübner and Co.). The book opens with a critical introduction and notes by Dr. A. H. Japp, and includes the essays on Lord Clive, John Milton, Earl of Chatham, and Lord Byron.—"Walks in Holland" is one of those capital little guide-books issued and edited by Percy Lindley, 125, Fleet Street. The book abounds in illustrations of the most picturesque portions of Holland, and furnishes a vast amount of practical information which should prove useful to people visiting that country.—Mr. Elliot Stock sends us a translation of "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, arranged in rhythmic sentences. The preface is written by Canon Liddon. — "The Dictionary of Medical Specialists for Liddon. — "The Dictionary of Medical Specialists



some years. The spring-sown beans are uneven, and many of the fields which we have seen have been extraordinarily foul with weeds. Blight, which has spared other crops, has struck the tares. The price of beef and mutton is about a penny per lb. higher to farmers than it was this time last year, and for yeal and lamb twopence per lb. more money is demanded. As the full extent of this advance cannot be demanded by butchers without checking the retail demand in a fine summer, the consumer and the farmer are (Continued on page 74)



CHEPE

T the hour of "high Change" in the afternoon, or more decidedly still at about lunch time, Cheapside presents a scene which can be witnessed in no other capital in the world. Not because of its imposing buildings or its picturesque aspect, for it is still a comparatively unimpressive highway, and though its modern shops and warehouses are attractive and important, and there are some broud openings leading from it to the finer thoroughfares of Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street, it is far less picturesque than it was a century ago, to say nothing of the time when it was famous for its conduit of fair water, and when people assembled to listen to the sermons preached from the open-air pulpit at Paul's Cross, which stood not far from where we are now stopping for passengers to alight at St. Martin's-le-Grand and the General Post Office.

Chepe, Cheap, or Cheaping was then what its name implies—a

Chepe, Cheap, or Cheaping was then what its name implies—a market, an l, in 1491, when Sheriff Thomas Wood, goldsmith, lived there in the street named after him, it was the quarter in which the followers of his craft—the goldsmiths—mostly had their shops. It was he who built that part of Cheapside by the end of Wood

THROUGH LONDON BY OMNIBUS, IV.

Street, and then called Goldsmiths' Row. Cheap was the noted place, too, for silkmen, linendrapers, and hosiers; and so it remains, but there are few traces even of its more modern significance except that at this very point—at Wood Street, one of the still narrow streets on the side where the streets are mostly narrow and crooked—there is a flourishing old tree which marks the site of a former church of St. Peter in Cheap. Stay, here on the right is the famous Bow Church, with its clock projecting high above us, even as we sit on the omnibus top. The original church of St. Mary-le-Bow, or St. Mary de Arcubus, was built in the time of William the Conqueror, and was the first church in London erected on arches of stone. From these arches, or bows, it took its name, and a famous building it became, for close by, near the Standard in Cheap and the Great Cross, were held the "Ridings," or jousts; and at the church Edward III. caused a strong stone shed, or open-fronted covered balcony, to be built, that he and Queen Philippa and the nobles and ladies might see the sports. This church in the centre of civic life became, as it were, identified with, and representative of, Cockaigne. To be born under Bow Bells was synonymous with being a veritable Londoner, and to judge from the legend of Whittington, the sound of the chime could be heard even as far as Highgate. The association of

citizenship with being within hearing of Bow bells may be understood from the fact that in earliest days the bell of St. Mary le-Bow stood from the fact that in earliest days the bell of St. Mary le-Bow arang every evening to apprise the City 'prentices that it was time to leave off work. The old church was, of course, destroyed in the leave off work. The old church was, of course, destroyed in the leave of the present building is one of Wren's masterpiece. We may remember, as we look up at the steeple in passing, that in We may remember, as we look up at the steeple in passing, that in the arched vault of Bow Church the Ecclesiastical Court was one held, and was therefore called the Court of Arches. The dragon of the latent was the present building is a reminder of the old stone of the healenny of the present building is a reminder of the old stone of the most offen of the flower of the English Court used to winness the few shows now except that of the Lord Mayor on the Ninthon November, and that seems to be in danger of extraction, naw that the London County Council bears rule. There are two sides to the London County Council bears rule. There are two sides to so often regaled with cheerful sights that they can agree to pass without regret even from a Lord Mayor's Show. Pethaps their without regret even from a Lord Mayor's Show. Pethaps their will be a little reaction against the abolition of the pagent, for the lost their sayour. "All fares, please! Anybody for the Bank?"



OMNIBUS, THROUGH LONDON BY

BOW AND STRING

OT do you call them things again?"
"Wot things?" inquired Sam. "Them things as is always a goin' up and down in the City : "

"Omnibuses," suggested Sam.
The elder Mr. Weller did not mean omnibuses, but the Funds. The elder Mr. Weller did not mean omniouses, but the Funds-still the description he had given applied equally well to omnibuses, and to see London from the top of an omnibus it is necessary to go up and down in the City a good deal. This is how it is that we find ourselves once more under the shadow of St. Paul's, and, in fact, in the churchyard of the great Cathedral itself. Not on the upthern side, by Paternoster Row, the side where the mercers' and jewellers' shows are and where the pastrycooks are just now dispensnorthern sile, by Paternoster Row, the side where the mercers and lewellers' shops are—and where the pastrycooks are just now dispensing ices, jellies, meat patties, and Bath buns to ladies, who look as though they were conscious of having a mission, and clerical-looking gentlemen, who look as though they were conscious of being to some extent the objects of it. There are many quaint localities on that side of the Cathedral—many reminiscences of Dolly's Chop Ilouse, and of Dean Swift, and of Johnson and his club, and of the Vicars Choral and the singers at the sign of the Swan and Harp, Vicars Choral and the singers at the sign of the Swan and Harp, which which which was facetiously corrupted to the Goose and Gridiron. There is the usual entrance to the Cathedral, the Grand Gates being opened only on special public ceremonies and celebrations: and there is the

Chapter House, where we may remember that Barham, the famous "Thomas Ingoldsby" of "The Ingoldsby Legends," resided when he was one of the officiating clergy. That side of the churchyard is known as "The String," and this in which we are now entering from the end near Cannon Street as "the bow," from some fanciful resemblance in shape to a bow with a loose string. As we turned out of Cheapside, round the south-east corner of the churchyard, we may have been reminded that within the memory of the middle aged, London churchyards were mostly collections of hideous decaying tombstones and frowsy graves, surrounded by rusty iron railings, and open to the street. We have improved upon that by reverting to the old Roman custom of burying our dead in cemeteries outside the city walls. The churchyards themselves have been converted into pavel areas—or, better still, into gardens planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers, where the public may walk or sit. Conspicuous above all is the corner of the Cathedral churchyard. Over there is a bower of trees and flowering plants, and a fountain of pure water trickles amidst the beds and borders, where children play or weary wayfarers sit and rest and read.

Turning from this ample space, with its freshness. light, and children play or weary waysarers sit and rest and read.

Turning from this ample space, with its freshness, light, and

colour, there is something very imposing in the aspect of the vast length of the Cathedral—its grand stone recesses and columns, its solemn ornaments, its dim undecipherable windows, its queer secret-looking doorways, leading, one would think, to vault and crypt; the grass-grown and cultivated patches of ground here and

there amidst the few tombstones, the great height and the strange mystery of the smoke-blackened pile showing drifts of white or grey across column, and panel, and entablature, indicating in what direction the winds that blow round the building have chiefly carried the sooty mists and flung them as a black veil upon the sacred structure. Many changes have lately taken place here. The old building of St. Paul's School, with its dim cloistered playground, founded by Dean Colet in 1512, and once situated on the south-east, whence we have just turned, has been taken down and the school removed to Hammersmith. St. Paul's Chain—the narrow street here on the left—keeps the name that was given it because the school removed to Hammersmith. St. Paul's Chain—the narrow street here on the left—keeps the name that was given it because at this point a chain was drawn across the roadway to prevent vehicles driving past during the time of public worship. St. Paul's Bakehouse still gives its name to a court close by, and here we are at the low archway leading to Doctors' Commons, once the solemn precinct of the Ecclesiastical and Admiralty Courts, and of the Prerogative Office, where wills were kept till the Courts were removed to the new Palace of Justice and the wills were taken to the Registry Office at Somerset House, in the Strand. Doctors' Commons retains one of it privileges. Marriage licences are still obtained here as they were when Mr. Jingle eloped with the maiden aunt and the renowned Sam Weller described the Proctor's office to Mr. Wardle; but, otherwise, its glory has departed, though there remain a few quaint buildings as evidences of its former importance.

THOMAS ARCHER. naving a fair season, and the "intercepted" profit is less than isual. Fruit is plentiful, good, and cheap this season, and the process of the promise well for autumn.

A FIELD ON FIRE.—A very curious sight has recently been presented to those who have to share in the processional progress of a South-Eastern Railway train. Close to Ticehurst Station is the Hammerden Farm, let to a Mr. Rogers. The soil is largely composed of peat, and is subject to periodic flooding from the River Romer, which runs close at hand. The fire "started"—how, nobody knows—on June 18th, and is still burning. By skilful dyking, the spread of the fire is confined, and not much more than an acre and a half is now actually alight. Smoke, however, arises from thirty places or more within this area, while explorations show that the fire is raging many feet below the surface. A peculiar feature is that the ashes turned up are a brilliant red in colour and show a remarkable substance and "body." The occurrence seems unique in the locality.

unique in the locality.

NEW SORTS OF WHEAT are difficult to create, and still more NEW SORTS OF WHEAT are difficult to create, and still more difficult to maintain, but a cross has recently been effected between Talavera and Carter's "Royal Prize" for the purpose of obtaining the early habit and superb quality of the former combined with the vigorous constitution of the latter. The result has proved a decided success, the desired union of qualities having been obtained with a sufficient regularity to warrant it being said that a new sort has really been established. Another useful cross has been made between the English-bearded April wheat—an old but somewhat neglected variety—and the American-bearded spring wheat largely between the English-bearded April wheat—an old but somewhat neglected variety—and the American-bearded spring wheat largely sown in Dacota and the North-West. The result is about the earliest wheat known, for the new variety may be sown up to the end of April, and will be ripe in an ordinary season by the middle of August. A new bird-proof wheat has also been developed. In this variety the bearding is of a peculiar character, exhibiting snarp-pointed awns on some of the glumes at the apex of the ear, as well as a general "thorny" habit and aspect distinctly repellent to the bird enemies of the plant. Where birds are numerous and troublesome this variety should be useful.

The BOARD OF AGRICULTURE BILL was not allowed to pass

THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE BILL was not allowed to pass the second reading without an outburst of wounded jealousy on the part of the R.A.S.E., which consulted its dignity but poorly in the attack which Lords Spencer and Kimberley, with the Duke of Richmond, made upon the measure in the House of Lords. Lord Salisbury was considerably more than a match for the critics whose personal disappointment at being relegated to a less important position than the Council of the R.A.S.E. have hitherto occupied, the noble marquis had no compunction in indicating. He told them plainly, moreover, that they represented nobody but themselves, and that the farmers of England wanted the Bill and should have it. "I think that the farmers may be given credit for knowing very well that the mere creating of a Department will not alter the economical causes which are due to calamities which we all deplore. But the farmers naturally wish that their industry, which is one of the most important, if not the most important, in the country, should receive that care, that organisation, and that consideration which other industries in this country have hitherto received." The malcontents did not venture to press their opinions to a division. THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE BILL was not allowed to pass

LITERARY BYWAYS

To a large, and probably increasing, number of persons the words "English Literature" represent simply a "subject" which must be duly ground at and crammed, and finally triumphantly passed in, as part of one or other of the many pass and competitive examinations that nowadays delight the heart of studious youth. The subject is a wide one, and examinations are many but the examinations that nowadays delight the heart of studious youth. The subject is a wide one, and examinations are many, but the papers set necessarily run in pretty well-defined grooves, and consequently the lives and certain of the works of the chief British authors are to the student as a broad, well-made high road. Handbooks, primers, and annotated editions innumerable smooth the way, illuminate the path and lead the peoplyte cently and without undue books, primers, and annotated editions innumerable smooth the way, illuminate the path, and lead the neophyte gently and without undue strain to the desired goal of a pass. The high road must be trodden by every student, but the pity is that so many are content with the more or less superficial knowledge they acquire in the perfunctory performance of that very necessary journey, and so few, comparatively speaking, are inspired with a desire to strike off into less beaten tracks. beaten tracks.

The traveller who has really seen and become well acquainted The traveller who has really seen and become well acquainted with a country, although he would be the first to acknowledge the value of the high roads and the importance of the stopping-places thereon, would yet have to confess that much rural beauty and quiet pastoral attractiveness could only be known and enjoyed by a frequent and intelligent use of byways and field-paths. So the lover of literature, without derogating one jot from the homage and reverent attention paid to the chief works of the great master-minds of the past and of the present, is bound to acknowledge that much of the interest and fascination of his favourite study is derived from pleasant wanderings in the bypaths of letters.

of the past and of the present, is bound to acknowledge that much of the interest and fascination of his favourite study is derived from pleasant wanderings in the bypaths of letters.

More especially is this the case with our older literature. The end of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries —a period much more deserving to be styled the Augustan age of our literature than the time, a century later, which generally claims that title—produced a mass of literary wealth, astonishing in quantity, and in quality never surpassed. A few of the great names of that age have been familiar to each succeeding generation. Others were known only to by-path wanderers until Lamb, in his volumes of "Specimens," made accessible to the many, in a critical setting of exquisite taste and discernment, gems which had hitherto been the reward of the diligence and research of a few. Many editors have followed in Lamb's footsteps, and the works of the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists, great and small, are familiar to most students.

Much of the literature of this period, however, still remains comparatively unknown. Only lovers of literary byways know how much delightful poetry the minor writers and the anonymous poets of that age produced. Many exquisite lyrics are to be found in the old musical publications of Byrd and Yonge and Campion. Mr. Payne Collier edited a small selection for the Percy Society many years ago, and Mr. Arber, and still more recently Mr. Bullen, have reprinted larger bodies of these melodious verses. They sing the reprinted larger bodies of these melodious verses. They sing the praises of love, the joys of the springtime, and kindred themes in the clearest and most musical of tones in language wonderfully simple and direct. In the Elizabethan prose also much pleasant pasture-ground may be found without touching well-known works such as the "Arcadia," Howell's "Letters," or Stow's "Chronicle."

pasture-ground may be found without touching well-known works such as the "Arcadia," Howell's "Letters," or Stow's "Chronicle."

Robert Greene, most voluminous of the euphuistic writers,

published a bewildering variety of fanciful tales and romances now seldom read. The reader wanders with the garrulous author through a pleasant country, where shepherds pipe pastoral melodies on their oaten reeds, and love-sick swains tell in florid language of the charms of Americalis and Passas. At other times the povelist the charms of Amaryllis and Pesana. At other times the novelist the charms of Amaryllis and resana. At other times the novelist takes his readers into lovely gardens, sweet with the odour of flowers, and gloriously sunny, like the gardens of Boccaccio, where noble gallants and fair women talk of love and beauty through the long summer afternoons. The student who is anxious to establish a theory, or accumulate facts, like Mr. Gradgrind, need not tarry over the mellifluous pages of these leisure-loving Elizabethans. The novels of Greene, the romances of Munday and Lodge, are as pleasant bypaths and sunlit alleys, to be traversed only by those who care not how the way may wander, nor what may be its goal.

But the literature of leisure is not confined to the time of Greene

and Lyly, an I their brother poets an I romancers. The eighteenth century is often compared from a literary point of view somewhat unfavourably with its predecessor, but the comparison is hardly just. If it did not produce so many makers and writers of the first rank. If it did not produce so many makers and writers of the first rank as did the times of Shakespeare and of Milton, it has at least as the least as the least of least volumes? Yet we must confess to a considerable partiality, shared, we trust, by other lovers of byways, for some at least of these meglected periodicals. The Connoisseur of Colman and Bonnell Thornton, and the World of Moore and Chesterfield, contain much Thornton, and the World of Moore and Chesterfield, contain much pleasant reading, and even from the utilitarian point of view deserve attention for the light they throw on the social manners and customs of the time. The same may be said in a lesser degree of the Lounger, and Dr. Hawkesworth's Adventurer, and some toothsome pickings may be found even in the somewhat arid pages of Henry Mackenzie's Mirror.

There is one thing that the discursive reader doth truly abborrand

Henry Mackenzie's Mirror.

There is one thing that the discursive reader doth truly abhor, and that is the modern mania for "selections." The Spectator has been "selected," but the extraction of the history of Sir Roger de "selected," but the extraction of Addison's serious and critical Coverley, or the separate collection of Addison's serious and critical papers, only illustrates the wealth of the whole work when it is papers, only illustrates the wealth of the whole work when it is found how much of value still remains. The student has by no means exhausted Goldsmith when he has read the two poems, and the plays, and "The Vicar of Wakefield," with even the addition of the Beau Tibbs letters selected from the "Citizen of the World." The whole of the last-named book is well worth reading, and the "Essays," and the eight weekly numbers of the Bee, which the "Essays," and the eight weekly numbers at the modest price of threepence per week, certainly do not deserve to be neglected. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" have been reprinted many times and in many forms, but the most readable, in some respects, of the Doctor's productions are to be found in the pages of the little-touched Idler.

The literature of the present century covers a very wide field, and broaths are numerous thouch the content of the present century covers a very wide field, and broaths are numerous thouch the content of the present century covers a very wide field, and

Doctor's productions are to be found in the pages of the little-touched Idler.

The literature of the present century covers a very wide field, and bypaths are numerous, though perhaps not so secluded as those of earlier times. The public taste is capricious, still it is astonishing to remember how many works of undoubted merit and, indeed, genius have been shunted and elbowed into byways and beyond the ken of the majority of readers. Why are the novels of John Galt so completely in the background, and why is the bulky "Proverbial Philosophy" accepted with open arms by tens of thousands, while Horne's noble fragment, "The Death of Marlowe," is cherished by few? There is one danger to which the wanderer in literary bypaths is peculiarly liable. He is sometimes apt to exaggerate the value and beauty of the treasures he finds neglected by the many, to the disparagement of the master works known and acknowledged by all men. The enterprising traveller among the English lakes who has visited the less accessible waters and meres has been known to prefer Hawes Water to Derwentwater, or to praise Wastwater at the expense of Windermere. In literature, as in scenery, there are degrees of beauty, and the reader best enjoys its bypaths whose sense of proportion, and consequent sanity of judgment, are least obscured.

G. L. A. obscured.



"THE WRONG Box," by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd "THE WRONG BOX," by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne (I vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.), without, like some of its predecessors from the hand of the first author, claiming alliance with the "Arabian Nights," is worthy of a foremost place among those which make such claim as an adaptation of "The Little Hunchback." It is pure farce of the most delightful kind—"Nothing like a little judicious levity," say the joint authors in their preface, quoting from one of their own characters; and indeed, the general run of British fiction makes a dose of almost any sort of levity welcome. But, with the modest assertion, "Nor can any better excuse be found for the volume," it is impossible to agree. The volume's best excuse is the volume itself: "Nor can any better excuse be found for the volume," it is impossible to agree. The volume's best excuse is the volume itself: which stands in no need of even a pretence of apology. Such an inextricable maze of complications among the most unlikely people has never been exhibited even in one of those three-act farces which not long ago held the stage; and if the disentanglement is less ingenious than the entanglement, that is because the authors know their business, and understand that a farce, like a tragedy, is most effective when the curtain falls as prometly upon the crisis as effective when the curtain falls as promptly upon the crisis as possible. "The Wrong Box" is not altogether free from satire; but this element is by no means so obtrusive as to interfere with the pleasantly thoughtless enjoyment of it as a piece of pure fun. As such, and in that spirit, we read and enjoyed it; and it would seem a piece of solemn absurdity to think over whys and wherefores. The aroma of good farce is the subtlest thing in the world. The only question concerning it is whether it makes one laugh; and if that can be answered with a yes, then it is justified without the need of another word. And a most emphatic yes is the only

the need of another word. And a most emphatic yes is the only answer with regard to this story of the end of a tontine.

Unwise, indeed, is the novelist who imagines that truth is any excuse for uninteresting improbability. Mr. Richard Arkwright tells us, by way of preface, that the incidents in "The Queen Anne's Gate Mystery" (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), which will probably seem least credible, actually occurred within his own experience. This is obviously no piece of mystification; for only actual way and show the produced anything at once so strange and so little fact could have produced anything at once so strange and so little worth narrating. Everybody has had strange and improbable exworth narrating. Everybody has had strange and improbable experiences; but hey almost invariably require surgical and chemical alteration before they can be made fit for the scrupulousness of fiction. Indeed, it may be said, very safely, that almost the least skilful person can invent a story that will turn out better than the best adventure which ever happened to him: a secret of which travellers of the old school, like many historians and chroniclers, were well aware. The volume is one dealing with the perils of circumstantial evidence; but though it contains two trials for murder, including, in one case, the entire speech of the counsel for the desence, it amounts to little more than an anecdote. dote is, however, told sufficiently well to warrant Mr. Arkwright in making bolder drafts upon his imagination when he makes his next

venture.

"An Isle of Surrey" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey) confirms us in the view we have always held of Mr. Richard Dowling's work, tha, if his gifts were only equalled by ordinary skill in the use of them, he would be a nove ist of a very high order. Of his wealth of imagination there can be no question. In the most reckless manner he throws away original and often admirable plots for full grown novels upon stories of a few pages—we should say he has frittered away scores in that unsatisfactory manner; and another frittered away scores in that unsatisfactory manner; and another time he will beat out the merest film of an unformed sketch over three volumes of aimless padding—some single situation, perhaps, as in the present instance, which might have served for a short magazi e tale. So, as his *métier* is sensation, he has to make extra-

vagance and violence serve for the careful dramatic construction which he invariably scorns, yet of which we are convinced he is which he invariably scorns, yet of which we are convinced he is capable; and stark, staring lunacy for rassion. One feels no certainty about any incident in "An Isle of Surrey," except that the author himself did not know what in the world his next chapter was going to be about—the purpose of each seems to be to delay progress and fill space until Mr. Dowling has made up his mind what his story is really going to be. Of course the impression may be wrong, but then it could not exist if the novel were even reasonably well constructed. One of these days, some future novelist will discover an almost inexhaustible mine of unused plots in Mr. Dowling's shorter stories; while the invention of a lunatic for the sake of making him tumble into a flooded ice-house, argues a certain incapacity on the part of the author for making a good selection from among his own ideas. His is a decide case for collaboration. collaboration.

collaboration.

One scarcely sees for what class of the realing public Mrs, Henry Wylde has written "Severed Ties" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.). It might have been thought for the class represented by Dickens's Marchioness, had not her mind been long ago too highly educated for the purpose by her habitual study of the "penny dreadful." Among the ingredients are two dreadful stage Italians, whose burnt cork moustaches are plainly visible; a Jesuit who "dissembles," with a view to the family plate; and plenty of murder to correspond. It appears to be a first novel; and, if so. Mrs. Wylde's experiment is not encouraging.

It is difficult to keep pace with the publications of Amélie Rivae

Mrs. Wylde's experiment is not encouraging.

It is difficult to keep pace with the publications of Amélie Rives, who has now re-produced, under the title of "A Brother to Dragons" (r vol.: Routledge and Sons), three stories which originally appeared in some American magazines. Two r fer to the Elizabethan period; the other to that of the great Civil War. The style is, to say the least of it, young and florid, with a remarkable and weari-ome luxuriance of simile. Nothing is mentioned without being like something else; and the authoress's researces into the manners and customs of her periods indisputably prove that in poetic phraseology and figures of speech the British peasant into the manners and customs of her periods indisputably prove that in poetic phraseology and figures of speech the British peasant of to-day cannot hold a candle to his forefath rs and foremothers. Indeed, everybody in the age of Shakespeare appears to have thought and talked precisely like Amélie Rives.

MAIL-DAY AT THE ANTIPODES

"MAIL-DAY" in our Antipodean Colonies possesses a general "MAIL-DAY" in our Antipodean Colonies possesses a general interest and importance which has no counterpart at home. Here, the arrival and departure of Her Majesty's Mails is a matter of faith, but not of sight. We know they come and go, in storm or sunshine, in darkness or fog; but, so far as our personal observation is concerned, their coming or going is unheeded. The magnitude ocean mail-ships which not only keep up uninterrupted communications with our vast colonial empire, but with every portion of the habitable globe, are seen lying by the quays one day, and the next habitable globe, are seen lying by the quays one day, and the next fold their tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away.

All this is reversed at the Antipodes. The narrower sphere and concentrated interests of smaller communities is strengthened

and concentrated interests of smaller communities is strengthened and intensified by its very narrowness, and an infinitely larger proportion of such communities have business relations with Europe, which keep mail-day always to the fore. The deep waters of their harbours bring these modern leviathans in immediate proximity to the busy streets of such cities as Sydney, Melbourne, Wellington, and other capitals, and once a week from the great tower of the General Post-Office floats on the morning breeze the red and white flag with the big letters R.M., and then every one knows that one of the great mail-ships of the P, and O Company, or the Orient line, is embarking passengers and mails for Europe, viâ Colombo and the Suez Canal. The sunny climate alone makes the busy scene a very different one from that at alone makes the busy scene a very different one from that at home, and the local colouring imparted constitutes a picture in sharp contrast to one but too often conducted amidst gaslight and

sharp contrast to one but too often conducted

fog.

In Sydney Harbour, the quays are brought to the very edge of
the principal thoroughfares, and at such times a line of waiting
the principal thoroughfares, and at such times a line of waiting
the principal thoroughfares, and at such times a line of waiting
the principal thoroughfares, and at such times a line of waiting
to a considerable distance.

In Melbourne, trains run to and from the quay at Williams
town at intervals during the morning, curving round it
town at intervals during the morning, curving round it
town at intervals during the morning, curving round it
town at intervals during the morning, curving round
western shore, affording picturesque views of the long crescent
of bay and beach, with the city above, and the blue ranges be
of bay and beach, with the city above, and the blue ranges be
yound. The trains run close to the ship's side, and eager crowis
yound. The trains run close to the ship's side, and eager crowis
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the season is that of full summer-tide the heat is Indian. Happy is the voyager if the dust-fiend for the nonce lies perdu!

In the public gardens the leaves droop, and the more delicate flowers hang their heads, their stems quivering unsteadily in the flowers hang their heads, their stems quivering unsteadily in the weltering heat. Every pedestrian bears on his shoulders a swarm weltering heat. Every pedestrian bears on his shoulders a swarm cab-horses on the rank have given up whisking off the flies as a cab-horses on the rank have given up whisking off the flies as a bad job, and hang their heavy heads, and doze and dream of bad job, and hang their heavy heads, and doze and dream of bad job, and hang their heavy heads, and doze and dream of bad job, and hang their heavy heads, and helograph signals in a conswindows of the principal streets flash heliograph signals in a confusing manner, quite untranslatable by any known code. Sol's reign at this season is that of a despot, and he exacts the perspiring homes of mortals without remission.

reign at this season is that of a despot, and he exacts the provided reign at this season is that of a despot, and he exacts the provided reign and the without remission.

As we step on board we mark the white awnings spread along the after-deck, and gratefully seek an unoccupied corner whence we after-deck, and gratefully seek an unoccupied corner whence we are the may survey the busy scene. The dark-skinned Lascar crew are the may survey the busy scene. The dark-skinned Lascar crew are the may survey the busy scene. The therefore their native element, and white attire and bright red scarfs, as if in their native element, and white attire and bright red scarfs, as if in their native element, and white attire and bright red scarfs, as if in their native element, and white attire and bright red scarfs, as if in their native element, and white attire and bright red scarfs, as if in their native element, and white attire and bright red scarfs, as if in their native element, and white attire and bright red scarfs, as if in their native element, and we are the may survey attire and bright red scarfs, as if in their native element, and we are the may survey at the may survey at the scarf red scarfs, as if in their native element, and we are the may survey at the scarf red scarfs, as if in their native element, and we are the may survey at the may survey at the scarf red scarfs and scarf red scarf re looking Hindoo firemen and stokers, in garments which are nonto speak of, are continually popping up "half-length" figures from
the depths of their literally infernal regions, like so many Jack-in-the
box toys in order to take furtive glances at the unwonted crowl,
but to the same again as suddenly as though they had been bitten in
and disappear again as suddenly as though they had been bitten in
two by some unseen shark below, the terror of bathers in these
two by some unseen shark below, the terror of bathers in these
of faces and types! Merchants, squatters, holiday-seekers, the
visitor whose visit has been all holiday; and the distinguisher
visitor who has lived—socially—more or less up in a balloon the
visitor who has lived—socially—more or the inevitable deflection
whole time, and therefore subject to the inevitable deflection
consequent upon a survey of men and things from such an
altitude.

Standing near the saloon entrance is a group typical of the

altitude.

Standing near the saloon entrance is a group typical of the colonies and colonial life: the Government official off for his long-deferred holiday; the merchant, who came out a friendless lad with the proverbial half-crown long years syne, and who is now a power and influence in the community; the world-travelled journalist en route for Fleet Street; the popular actor, returning with—let us hope—a well-lined purse; squatters and squatters with—let us hope—a well-lined purse; squatters and squattery and leigh ho! for London and Paris, shady drives in the Boil of the Boulogne, and little dinners at Durand's, or the Café Anglais, and a box at the Opera or Théâtre Française; or, still better, for the 12th of August amongst the heather once more, or the 1st September amid the turnips and the copses and shaws just touched autumn's fierr form sgust amongst the heather once more, or the Ist Septemore turnips and the copses and shaws just touched with iery finger.

The crowd increases, sunburnt faces abound. Whether colonial-orn or from long residence. The crowd increases, sunburnt faces abound. Whether colours born or from long residence most of them bear that indelible sign-

The shadowed livery of the burnished sun.

See yonder that antediluvian pair, looking as though they had let the world go by them unheeded for the last fifty years! No fashion-books ever reached beyond the Murrumbidgee They have quietly plodded on—wintered and summered it—and events have quietly plodded on—wintered and summered it—and events have quietly plodded home of their childhood and early manhem to look at the old home of their childhood and early manhem to look at the old home of their childhood and early manhem to look and feel, as one of them expresses it, the mean while they look and feel, as one of them expresses it, estange-like. Not far away stands a grave and reverend signior—a well-known estimable Colonial judge—one of the wild how of long, long ago. He looks wistful, as if doubtful of the coming holiday, and, perhaps, the thought of who will be left to coming holiday, and, perhaps, the thought of who will be left to Let us hope, however, he may renew his youth for a brief spell. Death enhances the value of those who remain those who remain-

The most are gone;

And whoso yet survive of those who then
Were in their summer season, on the tree
Of life hang here and there like wintry leaves
Which the first breeze will from the tree bring down.

Which the first breeze will from the tree bring down.

"Oh, it is pleasant," said the gentle Elia, "as it is rare to find the same arm linked in yours at forty which at thirteen helped to turn over the Civero 'De Amicitiâ,' or some tale of antique friendship, owhich the young heart even then was burning to anticipate. And which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate. And when a cluster of such ripe fruit which as blossoms had hung on when a cluster of such ripe fruit which as blossoms had hung on when a cluster of such ripe fruit which as blossoms had hung on the bough together is vis-à-vis at the round table—why, there's the bough together is vis-à-vis at the round table, there's pretty sure to be a night on't." To meet again on the frosty pretty sure to be a night on't." To meet again on the frosty ground, and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we ground, and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we ground and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we ground and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we ground and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we ground and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we ground and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we ground and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we ground and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we ground and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we ground and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we ground and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we ground and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we ground and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter.

is, despite a thousand painful suggestions, surpassingly sweet and what an exchange of recollections! What

"Heart-affluence of discursive talk."

"There is a melancholy pleasure," wrote Chateaubriand, "in meeting with our acquaintances of early days, and in noting the changes which have taken place meanwhile, in them, and in ourselves. Like finger-posts we have left behind, they serve to mark the route we have taken through the desert of the past."

More baggage, more children, and a Babel of tongues! Mark More baggage, more children, and a Babel of tongues! Mark that shrewd keen-visaged man with a beard of the Yankee type. He is a buyer for great commercial houses, and flits to and fro Europe like a mercantile Hermes. Another slender faded woman in mourning, with streaks of silver hair, which is not from years, accompanied by two fair-haired children, is returning to the old home. Australia is not an Eldorado, or even a land of health to all men. But we must move on. The riddle of the painful earth, the burthen, and the mystery of it, are beyond our shallow solution. There, passing up the gangway, comes a long lithe form typical of the native-born. He is going to Oxford or Cambridge, filled with dreams of glorious possibilities. His native colony is full of youthful promise, but Europe is rich in the accumulated treasures of age, and he impatiently longs for the moment when he can tread in the footprints of antiquity. He is of those for whom the poet's "Carpe Diem" was written:—

The hills of manhood wear in noble pace, When seen from far:

The hills of manhood wear in noble pace.
When seen from far;
The mist of light from which they take their grace
Hides what they are.

When seen from far;

The mist of light from which they take their grace

Hides what they are.

People crowd below to the state rooms. "Oh! oh!——oh! oh!' exclaims a young lady of the sweet girl-graduate order, as she rejoins her party at a near table, "only think, that immense woman yonder is to be the occupant of the other berth in my cabin."

"Why," ejaculates another of the party, "that is the lady who calls herself the relict of the late Mr. M'Stinger of Queensland."

This sally excited irreverent mirth, but seeing that the late worthy Mr. M'Stinger was a little wiry man who, by a long residence in the Northern Territory, had become as completely dessicated as a specimen in a museum, there was certainly a comic side to the application of such a term to that which in his life had formed so much the larger half. Stewards move quickly through the throng, and there is a running fire of drawn corks. At the second bar there is a greater mixture of classes, and amongst them one or two of the type which may be described as the hygroscopic variety.

But time is up. The clock marks the hour of departure. The mail bags and specie are on board, and the blare of the steam-horn warns people off the gangways. Then come "sudden tears, and whisperings of distress, and cheeks all pale," &c., as the bell sounds the knell of parting friends. Why describe it? The lines are not yet obsolete, nor will be while hearts beat, and joy and sorrow are not alike evolutionised out of the world.

The captain takes up his place on the bridge beside the pilot; officers hurry to and fro; a white-robed Lascar boy seats himself aft by the extreme end of the beam which bears the awning close to the stern, and unfurls a small white flag as the big ship swings out into the great bay, the tugs cast off, and a ringing cheer bursts from the crowd assembled on the quay as that wondrous organism, an ocean mail-ship of the highest class, glides away with a stately grace, silent, self-contained, without flurry, without hesitation, full of the proud calmn

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, PAST AND PRESENT

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, PAST AND PRESENT

The best work is often done in silence, and the Royal Society, if
it does not come into public view so much as many institutions that
rest upon a more popular basis, is none the less a hardworking as
well as an eminent body. But twice a-year, at least, this learned
Academy lays aside its labours and holds festival. Every May its
halls are opened to the entertainment of men eminent in Science,
Literature, Art, Politics, and other branches of learning and
activity, and on this occasion experiments and scientific curiosit es
illustrating recent discoveries are shown; while in June another
and more popular conversazione is held, to which ladies are invited
and at which the articles exhibited are of a more generally interesting character. Such a gathering took place within the past
month, and gives appropriateness to a few words on the origin
and organisation of the Society.

As to the origin of the Society, very little that is definite can be
laid down as fact. It took its rise somewhere about the middle of
the seventeenth century, but the precise year is not known. The
Hon. Robert Boyle, in sundry letters written in 1646 and 1647,
speaks of a certain "Invisible College," and it is pretty certain that
this mysterious body, if "body" it can be called, was the incipient
Royal Society; but, earlier than this, Wallis speaks of weekly
meetings of "divers worthy persons, inquisitive into natural
philosophy and other parts of human learning," and it is generally
telieved that this weekly gathering represents the Royal Society in
a still more nebulous condition. In 1660, however, the "Invisible
College" became visible. It was definitely resolved, after a certain
lecture by "Mr. Wren," better known as "Sir Christopher," at
Which lecture the Lord Brouncker, Mr. Boyle, Mr. Bruce, Sir
to found "A Colledge for the promoting of Physico-Mathematicall
mind, and so indispensable to rocieties of all kinds, a "Minute
Book," was started. From this time the infant Society met with

regularity on Wednesdays, at three o'clock, in Gresham College, but it did not become the "Royal" Society until July, 1662, when a Charter of Incorporation was granted by "His Sacred Majesty Charles II.," whose bust, by the way, still stands at the head of the stairway in the Society's present apartments at Burlington House, and whose mace of silver-gilt still lies upon the table at the Society's meetings

Charles II.," whose bust, by the way, still stands at the head of the stairway in the Society's present apartments at Burlington House, and whose mace of silver-gilt still lies upon the table at the Society's meetings.

Science was, of course, a very different thing in the early days of the Royal Society from what it is at present. Mathematics, it is true, was not an infant science, though it was something simpler than that "tract of beautiful country" with "detail of hillside and valley, stream, rock, wood, and flower," which Professor Cayley in his Southport address assured us that modern mathematics was; astronomy, and physical sciences generally, were also making leaps and bounds at that time, but biology, notwithstanding Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood in 1619, is comparatively a modern branch of science. It is comical to read in the first volume of the Royal Society's "Philosophical Transactions" the "Account of a very odd Monstrous Calf," and to compare it with the work of men who engage in biological research at the present day, such as Professors Huxley, Lankester, and Flower, who are represented in our portrait-group, or to compare the terminology of Sir Joseph Hooker or Mr. Thiselton Dyer, who appear in the same group, with that of old Nehemiah Grew, whose "Anatomy of Plants," published under the auspices of the Royal Society in 1682, setteth forth "that every plant hath bowels of divers kinds, conteining divers kinds of liquors." In those days Fellows of the Royal Society were to be found who believed in the divining-rod, in the magic virtues of May-dew, and in the touch for the King's evil. All that is past; whether the science of to-day has its superstitions, too, will be for some future age to say.

The chief glory of the Royal Society in the eighteenth century was the presidency of Sir Isaac Newton, who, even more than "Carolus Secundus, Fundator," is still looked upon as the patron saint of the Society. His sacred relics—a lock of his hair, his watch, a piece of his app

Member of Parliament for the University of Cambridge, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in that University, and President of the Royal Society.

In 1710 the Society moved to Crane Court, and in the same year they were appointed Visitors and Directors of the Royal Observatory, an office which they continued to hold until the accession of William IV., when the President and six of the Fellows of the Royal Astronomical Society were added to the Board. Still once a year this Board of Visitors is received by Mr. Christie, the present Astronomer Royal, and inspect the instruments, winding up, of course, with a dinner at the "Ship."

In 1780 the Society removed to Somerset House, and in 1857 to Burlington House, one wing of which they still inhabit.

In the present century Scientific Societies have sprung up in abundance. The rise of the Linnean Society, founded near the end of the last century, was followed by that of the Geological, the Royal Astronomical, the Chemical, the Royal Geographical, the Entomological, and many others; but the Royal Geographical, the Entomological, and many others; but the Royal Society, embracing as it does all the sciences, serves as a centre for them all. Within its borders will be found Mathematicians such as Professor Lockyer and Dr. Huggins, Physicists such as Lord Rayleigh and Professor Tyndall, Physiologists such as Professor Huxley and Dr. Michael Foster, Geologists and Palæontologists such as Dr. Geikie and Sir Richard Owen, Meteorologists like Mr. Scott and Mr. Symons, Chemists like Dr. Frankland and Mr. Crookes, Electricians like Mr. Preece and Professor Ayrton, most of whom are represented in our illustration. It is this catholicity of the Royal Society, combined with its eminence and antiquity, which peculiarly Society, combined with its eminence and antiquity, which peculiarly Government and the scientific world, and of this fitness the Government has always given practical acknowledgment, on the one hand by referring to the Council of the Royal Society many public questions

by referring to the Council of the Royal Society many public questions requiring scientific solutions, and, on the other hand, by entrusting to that body the administration of considerable funds for scientific purposes.

To become a Fellow of the Royal Society is not easy. The fees, indeed, are small, but the scientific requirements are great; and with an average candidature of more than sixty per annum, the Council are limited to the selection of fifteen for recommendation to the Society. The total number of Fellows thus chosen is about 480, but besides these there are fifty Foreign Members chosen from among men of the highest scientific distinction in foreign countries. The session of the Society being held every Thursday during the session at 4:30 P.M. These meetings are different in character from the lectures at the Royal Institution (with which the Royal Society is sometimes confounded): they are not "lectures" in the proper sense of that word, but papers, in which Fellows, or those whom Fellows introduce, communicate the results of their recent scientific researches, not to the public, but to each other, and generally in language very far removed from that which is "understanded of the people." This mutual communication and the criticism which it calls forth are often of the highest value to investigators, but still more important to the investigator is the fact that a selection of these papers is afterwards published at the expense of the Society: to get a paper into the "Philosophical Transactions" is one of the highest ambitions of the youthful man of science. The anniversary meeting is held on St. Andrew's Day, when a Council of twenty-one, including President, Treasurer, two principal Secretaries, and Foreign Secretary, is elected, the Society is addressed by the President, and the medals are distributed. The Copley Medal for a notable "philosophical research" was founded in 1709; the Rumford Medal, for "important discoveries in heat or light," in 1796. The Royal medals, "for the two most important

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY, M.P., has just published a new volume of poems, "Harlequinade: A Book of Verses," (Chatto and Windus). The poems are mostly of love, and the poet is fond of petitioning the indifferent fair to spare him an hour. There is no mistake about his intention to rattle along "the Muses, highway," but his Pegasus is an awkward steed, and his notions of rhyme excite misgiving. We find no fault with this one:—

When Venus first from the ocean's rim rose Redder than tulips that stand in trim rows, but it is impossible to feel enthusiastic about it, though capped with Where cypresses tremble in sombre slim r

More exceptionable is the jingle of "potatoes" with "gay toes," of "woman" and "no-man," "laurel" and "quarrel." One is conscious, despite the air of freedom, how hard pressed for a passable word the poet must at times have been. He confesses this fact himself in the last stanza of a poem very properly entitled "Ambition," which exemplifies his fault while shaping a pathetically hardy hope: hardy hope :-

Oh, that I were the burden of some song Which pleased your idle hour, That I might for a little while belong To the enchanted music of your tongue, And my imperfect rhyme Appear an angel's chime.

A very creditable little book of poems is Mr. Nelson Rich Tyerman's "Day Dreams in a Devon Valley" (Andrew Iredale, Torquay). Devon's poets and heroes, and her fair scenery, form with love the staple of Mr. Tyerman's inspiration. We may venture to quote from his verse-picture of "Raleigh's Birthplace" (Budleigh Salterton):—

venture to quote from his verse-picture of "Raleigh's Birthplace" (Budleigh Salterton):—

A humble cot, warm-nestled mong green meads Soft-smiling neath a bounteous summer sun, With purple thatch-roof sweetly overrun By golden moss and tiny blossoming-weeds;
A winding path 'twixt homely flowers that leads To a small orchard-wicket, whence, being won, Trees apple-burthened the eye rests upon, And marks the wasps indulge their sateless greeds.

Devon enjoys reputation as a Paradise for artists, and for the cause which gives that sunny land this fame it should appeal also strongly to other men of imagination. Much pleasure may be derived from these "native wood-notes wild" of a countryman of Coleridge and Raleigh. They are worthy of the author of "A Child-Fantasy and other Poems," a work which met with much critical approval on its appearance some time ago.

Mr. Willian Sharp has added to the "Canterbury Poets Series," which he is editing for Mr. Walter Scott, "The Poems of Walter Savage Landor," selected and edited by Mr. Ernest Radford. This volume includes "Gebir" and "Count Julian," besides many other worthy memorials of a too little appreciated writer.

Number X. of "Popular Poets of the Period," edited by Mr. F. A. H. Eyles, contains brief biographies of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, of the Rev. Canon Bell, of Mr. George Barlow, and of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, with interesting specimens of their works.



Messrs. Novello, Ewer, And Co.—A collection of music for church use consists of "The Offertory Sentences," set to music by Ferris Tozer in a simple and satisfactory manner.—By the above composer are two clever settings of the "Cantate Domine" and "Deus Misereatur" in the key of F.—"Short Settings of the Office for the Holy Communion, for Parochial and General Use," will prove a desirable addition to the repertory of organists, especially when the choirs are formed of amateurs who are not amenable to steady drilling; there are no special difficulties to overcome.—The same may be said of "Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis" in E flat, for voices, chiefly in unison with organ accompaniment, by Battison Haynes.—"Chants for Venite, Te Deum, and Jubilate, Kyrie, Gloria Tibi, and Gratias Tibi," by R. M. Kearns, are neatly written and well harmonised. Where elaborate Services dare not be attempted, these melodious chants will catch the ear of the amateur singers, both in and out of the choir.—Two of "Novello's Octavo Anthems," which will please each one in its season, are "Rend Your Heart" (No. 336), for Lent, composed by J. Chippingdale; and "Come Ye Faithful" (No. 334), for Easter, composed by Rev. E.V. Hall, MA.—Nos. 627 and 629 of Novello's Tonic Sol-Fa Series are: "On the First Day of the Week" (Easter), by Edwin M. Lott, Mus. Doc., and "Far From My Heavenly Home," a very pleasing setting by C. Vincent, Mus. Doc., of the Rev. H. F. Lyte's beautiful hymn.—A secular part-song of no ordinary merit is "Blossoms, Born of Teeming Spring-Time" (No. 628), words from "Saint Ludmila," music by Anton Dvorák; it may be had in the Staff Notation (No. 758), Novello's Octavo Chorus.—Part II. of "Part-Songs for Treble Voices," specially adapted for High Schools, edited by Mrs. Carey Brock and M. A. Sidebotham, is well suited for its purpose. There is much delicacy and taste displayed in these arrangements, more especially in "Blow Gentle Gales" (Sir H. Bishop), "The Bird at Sea" (Henry Smart), and "All Among the Barley" (Elizabeth Stir

Battison Haylies, is don't care the five field of the group is "Larghetto," by Francis E. Gladstone, Mus. Doc. (119).

Messrs. Wood and Co.—Our juveniles are well provided for as regards tuneful songs with words which have a meaning. Messrs. Edward Oxenford and Arthur W. Marchant (Mus. Bac., Messrs. Edward Oxenford and Arthur W. firelight Fancies," "Little Oxon.) have done their best with "Firelight Fancies," "Little Songs for Little Children," which are published in two books. They will be received by nursery folks, great and small, with much delight; the tunes will be quickly caught up and the words learnt by heart.—"The Student's Daily Companion" (technical exercises for the pianoforte), by J. T. Trekell, possesses no distinguishing feature, with one exception, that the five-finger exercises are written in various keys.—A pair of pleasing drawing-room pieces for the pianoforte are "A Norwegian Dance" (polka gavotte), by S. Claude Ridley, and "Caprice Brilliant," an imitation of a musical box, by Frank Percival.—"Old Times Quadrilles," by S. C. Ridley, are easy arrangements of well-known tunes.

MISCELLANEOUS.——A sacred song of no mean merit is "Light MISCELLANEOUS.——A sacred song of no mean merit is "Light of the property of the courter, are very pathetic.

easy arrangements of well-known tunes.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A sacred song of no mean merit is "Light at Eventide;" the words, from the Quiver, are very pathetic. The music is by G. C. Miller (Messrs. Augener and Co.).—A dramatic song which deserves a good place in the programme of a sacred concert is "He is Risen!" written and composed by Henri Deschamps and Arnold Dolmetsch; there is a very effective violin and organ, or harmonium ad lib. accompaniment to this song. By the above-named composer is "La Malinconia," melodie for altoviola (or violoncelle), with pianoforte accompaniment; a very musicianly composition (Messrs. P. Schott and Co.).—An attractive song for the drawing-room is "The Stars," words translated from the German by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., music by Philip H. Angrave (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).

MR. FRANCIS GALTON
President of the Anthropological Institute

DR. WILLIAM HUGGINS

ORD RAYLEIGH MR. W. H. PREECE Electrician to Telegraph Department, General Post Office

DR. JOHN EVANS
Treasurer and Vice-President

MR. W. H. M. CHRISTIE Astronomer-Royal PROFESSOR E, RAY LANKESTER
Professor of Zoology, University College, London

DR. EDWARD FRANKLAND MR. NORMAN LOCKYER. I ROFE:SOR A. W. WILLIAMSON
Chemist Professor of Astronomy. South Kennington Fereign Securiary.

SIR R'CHARD OWEN

Palaontologist



THE ROYAL SOCIETY

PROFESSOR JOHN TANDALL.
Physicist

A PORTRAIT GROUP OF SOME OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED FELLOWS

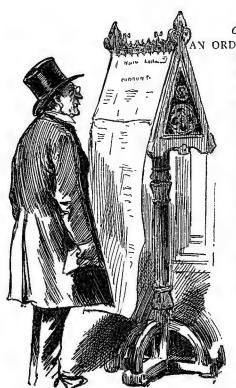
PROFESSOR T. H. HUXLEY
Past President

PROFESSOR J. J. SYLVESTER Savilian Professor of Geometry Oxford

SIR JOSEPH HOOKER Past President

SIR GABRIEL G. SIOKES President





COMMITTEES ORDINARY MEM-

BER of the public may, and I believe, in fact, the majority really do, imagine that the business of Parliament begins and ends with the sitting in debate of the Upper and Lower Houses.

Certainly few of the uninitiated have any conception of the veritable beehive which exists entirely without the precincts of the two Cham-

bers. Never

SIR JOHN MOWBRAY

theless, it is in the many Committee Rooms that the hard work of Parliament is done; and any morning during Session the observer who penetrates in'o this busy ant's-nest-he may find it a hornet's-nest if he fail to show sufficient reason for his presence there-may see, busily engaged before the Committees, or hurrying from room to room, many of the foremost members of every profession and branch of commerce, and experts in every science, called to give evidence, and to elucidate points which may arise in the course of inquiries into technical matters which require the knowledge of the most eminent specialists to put the Senatorial Councillors in a position to rightly consider the case before them.

Of the conspicuous features in the corridors to Committee Rooms are the decidedly ornamental, ecclesiastical-looking reading-stands, placed in convenient spots, and upon which are displayed long lists of Committees for the general information of those concerned. One of the most ardent students of this pleasant reading is Sir John Mowbray, the Chairman of the Committee of Selection, for upon him finally rests the responsibility of selecting each Committee.

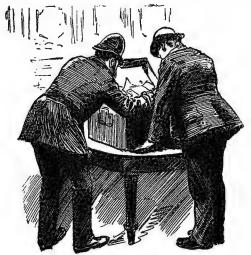
It may be mentioned that, as is the case with all the regulations relating to Strangers in the House, there has been a very great

increase in the stringency with which all orders have been observed which make for the exclusion of unauthorised visitors since the occurrence of the dynamite outrages. This general tightening of the strings has extended to all kinds of boxes and parcels which are brought into the Committee-Rooms.

Immediately at the top of the stairs inside the St. Stephen's entrance, upon the platform at the upper end of the majestic, but sepulchral, Hall of Westminster is a table, and upon this is placed each deed-box containing papers relating to the various Committees. As it arrives, and before it passes on to its destination, it must undergo a careful examination by the constable, to ensure that it contains nothing more explosive than red tape, and that beneath the innocent leaves of brief and foolscap there lurks no reptile of diabolical mechanism. Far be it from my thoughts, however, to speak lightly of these only too terribly necessary precautions. Shame and humiliation must mantle the cheek of every true-born Briton when he reflects that the apprehension of which these measures are the index is no chimera of over-busy officialism, but the reflex of an appalling reality.

The officers and men under Chief Inspector Horsley fully understand that their duties are not merely formal; for within a very few years has come upon them a novel responsibility, which but ten years ago would have made the bravest shudder, but now, by familiarity, is one with the ordinary duties of the day.

Nothing in the shape of a box or parcel is allowed to remain for an instant unowned. Should a porter bring in a box and the owner not be by to superintend its transit to the Committee Room it is instantly ordered out of the building.

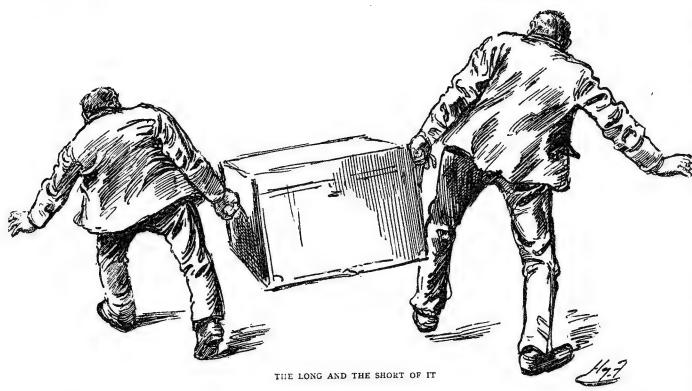


DYNAMITE!

In "The long and the short of it," a sketch shown on the next page, I have depicted one of these monster cases of tinned innocence passing on towards the haven upstairs upon the arm of two burly but disproportionate porters. One of these gentlemen-the repre sentative of "length" in the combination-is a very well known character. For one day in the week only, and that "the day which comes between a Saturday and Monday," he figures as a sweeper of crossings; not a common crossing-sweeper such as would grace a dirty corner of the New Cut and pocket the coppers of the daughter of the purveyor of fried fish, and touch his hat to the wife of the seamstress's avuncular relation; no, but a Knight of the Noble



Order of the Besom, privileged to walk before Commoners and Peers alike as they go in simple guise "each Sunday to the kirk" to attend the special service provided for their benefit in St. Margaret's, Westminster. And as of course all good Members of Parliament always go to church, and all good church-goers always "Remember the sweeper," the gentleman is beyond doubt rapidly making a fortune; hence his high official position about the House on the other six days of the week.



A word is also due to the four-foot-ten miracle who is the frequent colleague of our Polyphemus. During the sittings of the Committee on the Manchester Ship Canal Bill, there was an immense amount of work thrown on this particular department. Huge boxes of heavy books and papers arrived by the score, and one after another had to be carried up into the Committee Room. Then was this little Hercules in his glory, and it was a splendid sight to see him shoulder boxes which would stagger any one but an Australian wheat "lumper," and march off as though he enjoyed the game.

As the public are not allowed here, we must assume for the present purpose that we have some official business in one of the Committee Rooms, and follow the boxes. Our way lies through St. Stephen's Hall, into the Central Hall, then straight across and up the staircase into a sepulchral Chamber which I have shown as "The Hatteries," as all hats, coats, &c., are left here in charge of the suave attendants. Here, also, in the darkest corners have been painted a number of frescoes, some description of which I hope to give later, if my pocket electric illuminator is "in order" when next I visit the House.

These frescoes were part of the original plan for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, and thei interior is characteristic of that of most Government attempts at Art.

On a scale of grandeur, and with aims most laudable, the execution of these works was entrusted to several foremost artists of the day. It is not surprising that none of these gentlemen had much experience of fresco-painting; it does, however, seem somewhat strange that, as would appear, not one of them found it necessary to study the principles of that difficult Art.

With genuine English density, they seem to have concluded that a fresco is simply a painting on a wall —; true! the dictionary will tell you thus much; but it is also painting by special means and methods in special mediums, on walls under special treatment, without which a fresco is but "like the baseless fabric of a vision."

And what was the result of this insular simplicity and disregard of all that the experience of the great of ages should have taught?

Did the flowing tide recede at the bidding of the Saxon monarch

AN AGENT

of old time? No! Neither will relentless decay stay its hand at the command of the best of British painters. Says the painter, "This work shall live while this wall stands."

"No!" says Change. "Think your hardest, use all your known arts and chemicals, and invent a new dodge every day. You can at best appease me but for a very short time. Defy me, and I will put out the eyes of your saints, splinter your heroes' swords, unstring your golden lyres and silver bows, and pick more holes in your masterpieces than a generation of critics!"

But the British painters preferred to defy the elements, and painted the walls of this mausoleum of Art each in his own delightful way. The results were never frescoes properly so-called; they are not now even paintings. The walls were not properly prepared, nor

were the pigments used of a character to withstand the ravages of time. Consequently in their present state these works of Art remind one of those standards which hang in St. Paul's Cathedral, whose tattered fabrics so notably bear witness to the wreck wrought by "the battle and the breeze," moth, damp, reasonable wear and tear, &c. It seems strange, however, that the one painting which has made any stand against the general decay should be the work of a "black and white" artist. This is John Tenniel's "Saint Cecilia," which was painted in pure water colour, and is to-day by far the best preserved of all these dilapidated saints and warriors.

But we have lingered long enough; this is not a new work on "English Art in the Nineteenth Century."

From this point, long corridors run left and right, and out of these lead the principal Committee Rooms devoted to Private Bills; these extend along the river-front of the building for a great portion of the entire length of the noble elevation. These corridors afford excellent opportunities for observing some of the most interesting phases of life in Committees. In the windows which look upon the Courtyard are fixed writing-desks for the use of persons attending Committees. In a sketch, I have noted a characteristic incident of an interested party cramming a Parliamentary Agent.

PARLIAMENTARY AGENTS

BEFORE leaving the corridors, and shifting the scene of my desultory observations to the Committee Rooms, I must introduce the reader to those who, not without some justification, consider themselves the mainsprings of these remarkable bits of clockwork.

A Parliamentary Agent is a person who introduces a bill to Committee; any person who solicits a bill in Parliament is thereby constituted a Parliamentary Agent, and it seems to be customary to term him a solicitor, but it must not be supposed that they are always solicitors in the ordinary sense of the term. Parliament imposes upon them certain responsibilities and visionary penalties, and the public impose upon them by handing them enormous fees whenever the public wants a bill in Parliament, and a place of safety for its spare cash; otherwise their qualifications are not such as an uninstructed member of the public can

EXPERTS

easily comprehend.

THE vocation of an expert on Parliamentary Committees becomes almost a profession in itself. On subjects which are frequently under consideration, such as Waterworks, Railways, &c., &c., there are certain accredited authorities who are constantly in attendance on such Committees; they act as guardian spirits, when without their aid our excellent legislators would hopelessly flounder in the vast morasses of bewildering technicalities.

The appearance of some of these experts is as familiar to the regular frequenter of the Committee Rooms as that of the officials of the House, and one of the unsought privileges which their greatness entails is that they are generally known to the pressmen and police

by some more or less amusing, though not illnatured nickname.

Although it is my intention to treat life in the House throughout in the spirit of the every-day observer and sketchist, it is impossible to get very far without importing something of the "complete guide" into the subject.

STRANGERS

First let me make it clear that Strangers are not by any means expected to put in an appearance during the deliberations of a Select Committee. If a person can satisfy the vigilant, though courtly, representative of law and order on duty that he is personally interested—in some measure several degrees above the "boiling-point" of idle curiosity—in the subject under consideration in one of the rooms, he may generally receive permission to enter.

There are some people, however, who have so much spare time and such absorbing interest in Committees in general, that they have always an argument ready to show that they are indispensable to the proper conduct of this branch of the public business; after a few calls, however, the Police become one too many for the ingenious idler, and he finds that the Thames Embankment is the nearest place of public recreation to which he is free to resort.

In treating of Committees I have no doubt my readers are for the most part aware that I am not now proposing to treat at all of Committees of the whole House, but of Select Committees only. The former are practically a portion of the regular proceedings, and take place in the Chambers of the Lords and Commons respectively, with merely a slight re-arrangement for the occasion. Select Committees, on the other hand, take place in the twenty-six rooms devoted solely to that purpose, and, as is pretty generally known, a number of them are usually proceeding at the same time, each presided over by a Chairman.

A Select Committee is usually composed of five Peers or five of Her Majesty's faithful Commons.

In either House the usual limit in number is fifteen; and,



IN THE LOBBY

in case it is thought advisable to have a larger number, special application must be made to the full House. The limit in the other direction, namely, the number required in each Committee to form a quorum, is specially fixed by the House when nominating the Members required to serve, but it is very interesting to learn the exact relative value of a Peer and Commoner as a member of Committee. The ratio stated in simple arithmetical formula is—as 5 is to 3, so is one Lord to one Commoner. I am not at all sure that this is not very near the truth. At any rate, it takes, as a rule, five Members of the Lower House to form a quorum on a Select Committee, whereas three Nobles are usually considered sufficient to fill the same office.

Select Committees on public matters differ entirely from Private Bill Committees. On the former no Counsel are engaged, they may consist of a dozen or so Members, all of whom call witnesses at their pleasure, and all put questions to obtain information to report to the House upon. The "Sweating" Committee is perhaps the best-known instance of this class, and we may take it as our





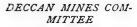
THE "HATTERIES"

example of a Committee on public matters. Committees on unopposed Private Bills are naturally those of which we hear least, as their passing through the mill is merely formal. These are dealt with in the House of Lords by the Chairman of Committees; and in the House of Commons, by the Chairman of the

THE SECRETARY TO THE NIZAM AND HIS INTERPRETER

Committee on Ways and Means, assisted by their legal advisers, to see that the Bills are in accordance with the general law. Parliament, however, has the right to convert an unopposed Bill into an opposed Bill, should it consider that, although no one has come forward with any specific objections, it is desirable that the

arguments pro and con should be heard; the Bill is referred back to the Committee of Selection, and dealt with as an opposed Bill. The converse also takes place in event of the opposing parties wishing to withdraw their opposition to a Bill already set down as opposed.



THE Committee on the Deccan Mines last year was an exception to the usual oppressive dulness of these inquiries. Important issues were involved, and the progress of the examination aroused a vast amount of public interest. Much entertainment was afforded by the sparring in cross-examination between Mr. Labouchere and the promoter.

When the native Indian witnesses arrived they added an unusual brilliancy and picturesqueness to

the sombre scene. The Secretary to the Nizam, a patriarchal old gentleman with white turban and a pince-nez, sat in the body of the Court, or Committee-room, with his interpreter. At the door his attendant, lovely in greens and yellows, stood, a monument of native dignity. Somehow, however, he looked sadly out of place,

for his dress seemed to excite more amusement than admiration. In the Grosvenor Gallery such a costume would have gladdened the hearts of the "Greenery Yallery" individuals who, we are asked to believe, haunt the Bond Street Temple of Art and other things.

Sir Richard Temple was very much en évidence in this Committee. When the natives were present, he interpreted the interpreter with delightful alacrity, and in that had the advantage of the senior Member for Northampton, whose education-in Hindoostanee-

has evidently been neglected. Sir Henry James was 2 striking contrast to the amateur Chairmen we find presiding over other Committees, and "pulled up" the Counsel in a manner quite his own.

PRIVATE BILL COMMITTEES

To these Committees, as I have already indicated, come for discussion, Railway, Gas, Water, and Local Government Bills at their crucial stage, the formal stages only being considered in the Houses. The fray for and against a Bill occupies from an hour or two to two or three weeks - the latter frequently. In a prolonged inquiry, Members are observed, during the drowsy hours of the afternoon, to close their eyes, the better to concentrate their attention, no doubt. The decorous dulness of some Committees receives welcome relief from the strains of music from a passing excursion steamer; occasion-

ally the firing of a pistol to start a boat-race may rouse a drowsy Member with a sudden and uncomfortable reminiscence of dynamite.

One of the most conspicuous figures when Railway Bills are under discussion is that of Mr. J. S. Forbes; in fact, there are few such committees in which he is not visible, in some form or another, either as promoter and director, as a witness, or as an expert in railway management. There is not a point in the laws bearing upon Railways in which he is not as well instructed as the legal luminaries whose duty it is often to endeavour to entangle this well-versed witness, whose popularity is equal to his erudition.

None know this better than the members of the Parliamentary Bar, and many a trial of strength in the lists of legal argument and fence take place, when Mr. Forbes is a witness on the side of some new scheme for the extension of our vast system of iron roads. I once ventured to express my wonder that Mr. Forbes could find time for so many meetings of Railway Companies as well as these attendances on the Parliamentary Committees, and that the labour did not wear him out. Mr. Forbes replied with a smile that he did not doubt it would prove too much for him, but that he spends the mornings among his Corots and Millets, and so comes forth to work like a "giant refreshed with wine," and that after the turmoil is over he can retire and revive his energies among the beauties of the quiet scenes his favourite painters loved to paint. Most connoisseurs of Art know that Mr. Forbes' house on the now classic Chelsea Embankment contains a collection of



A RAILWAY BILL

modern paintings which many more ostentatious collectors secretly

CERTAIN privileges attach to the Peers when sitting in Committee on Private Bills which, as being formal and of no essential value, seem little suited to this practical age. It is enacted that "the Committees are to be attended by such judges or learned counsel as are appointed. as are appointed; they are not to sit there, or be covered, unless it he cut of f it be out of favour for infirmity; some judge sometimes hath a stool set behind, but never covers, and the rest never sit or



MEHED ALI'S SERVANT



THE SWEATING COMMITTEE

with the sentiment expressed; still the adage "Noblesse oblige" was not unknown to the days of Justice Popham, and it is not easy to see how the dignity or prestige of the Lords would have suffered if a gentleman, aged and infirm, had given his evidence or con-

ducted an inquiry whilst seated.

In Lords' Committees to-day the not too-edi'ying spectacle may often be seen of a white-haired venerable man of science having to stand to give his evidence before a juvenile peer. The Lord Mayor (not necessarily a man of science) is offered a chair by courtesy, but he is not expected to sit on it-only to lean on its back. In the Commons all witnesses are seated.

A RAILWAY BILL

LET us enter the Committee-room. Huge plans hang on the walls. Prominently we see a map of Little Mudborough. One would not have thought it such an important place; from its width, the main street must be a magnificent boulevard. A Railway Company wishes to run a branch to this "thriving township." But the Canal Company, or the Gas Company, the North Star Manure Company, or the Mudborough Mushroom Company raises objections to the proposed invasion. A Committee sits upon the question. Agents fill the Barristers' coffers and their own; experts are engaged, at tremendous cost, to prove that the Canal will dry up, or the Gas cease to illuminate, the Manure to fertilise, or the Mushrooms to grow under the baleful breath of the Iron Monster; whilst experts on the other side are called to show that by the

enlightening influence of the march of civilisation, and railways in particular, canal freights will be

doubled, gas will outshine the sun, the Manure Company eclipse the Nitre Company, and mushrooms grow to the size of houses. This merry game goes on for weeks, and the result is that the lawyers and agents amass fortunes, and shareholders go mournng for their dividends.

Even from the moderate amount of experience I have had of Committees it is impossible not to see that very much depends on the Chairman, whose office is by no means a sinecure, for whereas one Chairman will push ahead the inquiry and minimise the waste of time, another, out of pure prosy conscientiousness, will mildly while away weeks, where hours would suffice to thresh out the question. There is a certain noble lord (I have not sketched him for these articles), who is notorious for taking the greatest pains over every detail, and mastering none.

THE CHAIRMAN

THE Slushhill Slate Quarries Billis under discussion. The usual prodigious plan of the district hangs upon the wall of the Committee Room. Portions of this plan are coloured pink, blue, yellow, and black; and in the centre there is a large square patch of slate colour.

I recollect when first I looked in at this Committee I was struck by the Chairman's earnest manner as he asked what the colour of the square patch was, to which the witness replied,

"Slate, my lord."

" And it represents -

"The Slate Quarries for which we are petitioning for this Bill."

"Ah! quite so. Wait a minute."

And the noble lord took ten to write this information down very carefully in very "long" hand.

A week or two after I looked in at this same Committee, still "sitting," like Poe's Raven, as though the Chairman's motto were

with its purple-no, slate-coloured patch; the same Committee sleepy, "nearly napping," dying of weariness; the Counsel gloating over the masses of papers; the Agents' still with the bags of "refreshers." I heard the same dry arguments monotonously repeated. The Chairman, still all attention, listened intently to all that was said, the rest of the Committee yawned, played with their

Suddenly the noble Chairman looked hard at the plan on the wall, put on his glasses, and stared again as though he would picture in his mind's eye the manterpieces, the roofing-slates, the tombstones, and the School Board slabs being turned out by the waggon-load from the smiling hill-side that looks upon the market-town of Slush (soon to be re-christened Wilton Willowborough

Imperial-as the loyal inhabitants of the town believe the name which has been good enough for their forefathers for seventy generations is prejudicial to the trade of the district). The Chairman regarded the plan steadfastly for several minutes, then, turning quickly to the Counsel speaking, in a tone almost agitated, put the inquiry,

"What is the colour of that square in the centre of the plan?"

"Slate colour."

"And it represents-

"The Slate Quarry I am speaking about 17

"Ah, of course, I think I have a note of that."

"Columbus!" muttered my neighbour. "That's the eighteenth time he has made that discovery. You'll have it again if you're here tomorrow."

And, while the unconscious magnate was making a careful search for the

fugitive note, a smile weary and wistful swept round the doleful ring and disappeared.

This is an example of the painstaking Chairman of Committees beloved of lawyers.

There are others whose manner is swift and judicial, who are perpetually reminding witnesses to keep to the point, and ruling evidence as out of order. These Chairmen the Counsel delight to advise on points of law, and to assist to arrive at their conclusions, by tendering legal explanations of the most delightful simplicity (when you understand them); all, of course, with a view to saving the Committee's time.

WITNESSES

As we pass out of the Committee Room, a glance at the occupants of the Corridor is instructive. On the form at the opposite side of the Corridor sit a row of witnesses, some of our Mudborough friends, if I mistake not. The Proprietor of the Mushroom Company explains to his Counsel some disputed point; his Manager listens intently. It is easily seen that the foreman of the Works, sitting next to him, is his son, as he illustrates filial obedience by an "automatic reproduction" of the parental attitude of attention. Youth and Age have sent their representatives from amongst the operative staff of the Company, but from their expressions one would fancy that they "don't like London." In the eyes of Age we seem to read a scarce disguised contempt for "the Law's delays," while Youth would appear to yearn for the fat briny bacon of his native shire. The principal clerk has dined, and seeks oblivion in the land of dreams. The old gentleman on the chair smiles in blissful ignorance, for he is stone deaf; he has come for a trip to "Lunnon' with his "boy" - the Proprietor of the Company.

THE PARLIAMENTARY BAR

READERS to whom the idea of a Barrister is chiefly associated with the black-robed and be-wigged gentlemen who haunt the Law







LOBBY DURING SITTING OF SWEATING COMMITTEE



A LEADING Q.C.

Courts and Assizes, will be surprised to hear of the existence of the Parliamentary Bar, and the host of Q.C.'s and "Stuffs" who compose it, earning incomes so great as to suggest that the twenty-odd Committee Rooms in which they perform must be on the embankment of Pactolus, instead of overlooking the familiarly muddy Thames and forming the "first-floor, South" of the Houses of Parliament.

Distinguished men have practised at the Bar of these Committees, among them the present Secretary of State, Mr. Stanhope, and Sir W. Vernon Harcourt.

Members of the Bar practising in Committees cannot become M.P.'s unless they relinquish this position. Sir William Harcourt gave up a most lucrative practice to enter the House. Counsel of the High Court affect to regard the Parliamentary Barrister's tore as somewhat mean; it has, however, a technique peculiar to itself which cannot be acquired from text-books, but from actual practice alone, and when a Chancery or

Common Law bigwig is imported into a Parliamentary contest the spectacle is somewhat ludicrous of seeing him take his cue and prompted by a Parliamentary "Stuff."

The leader of the Parliamentary Bar is Mr. Pope, Q.C., counsel for many railway companies and Corporations, as well as being devoted to the advocacy of the cause of temperance. Mr. Pope is a really eloquent man; probably no counsel puts his points more clearly, or with more telling force. He is popular, and keeps cool and good-tempered in the hardest fought Bill; indeed, he is so determined to keep cool that he uses a fan in Committee.

Mr. Pember, Q.C., is the hero of the most prodigious contest ever known to Parliamentary Committees-the Manchester Ship Canal Bill-which rivalled the Tichborne trial. He is happiest in promoting a Bill, dilating with impassioned fervency on the necessity of Parliament making better provision for the drainage of Little Pedlington or empowering Old Sarum to construct new gasworks; he will bandy no unnecessary words with too verbose witnesses.

Mr. Littler, Q.C., is in the highest ranks of the Westminster Q.C.'s. Keen, incisive, every sentence well weighed, at not infrequent times quite epigrammatic, and a peripatetic encyclopædia of Parliamentary precedents.

Mr. Pembroke Stephens, Q.C., is to many observers the ablest in some respects. Unaffectedly genial, with absolutely imperturbable good-temper and an Irishman's wit, he perhaps shines most in cross-examination. The confiding witness enters into a chatty discussion, and at its close the learned gentleman, traversing all the witness has said, puts it to him that it is all against the side he is giving evidence for, and thanks him naively as he resumes his

Indeed, a Bill that has the slightest approach to a weak point in its armour has a sorry chance of passing when Mr. Littler and Mr. Pembroke Stephens are joined in opposition to it.

Mr. Balfour Browne, Q.C., is great on railway matters, handling an incomprehensible time-table with a facility that suggests that he is the one man who could re-arrange the trains at Clapham Junction on a simple and regular basis.

Another well-known Counsel is Mr. Jeune, Q.C., whose practice is divided between these Committees and the Ecclesiastical Courts,



though, perhaps, he is chiefly distinguished in the latter, for in the laws relating to "Bishops and Curates and all Congregations," &c., he is regarded as high authority.

There is yet another sphere in which Mr. Jeune shines, namely, the delightful sociality of Mrs. Jeune's "at homes," which are among the bright spots in life's desert, Mr. Ledgard I have also noted as among the Parlia-

mentary Q.C.'s, and he holds an honourable position among the stars of this brilliant little constellation.

To reach the Lords' Committee Rooms we must descend to the groundfloor; from the Central Lobby we turn into the Lords' Corridor, and passing through this into the Lobby of the House of Lords; turning to the left, pass through another Corridor by some of the Lords' private rooms, and so into the long passage, which reaches absolutely from end to end of the building, and out of which the several rooms



MR. LITTLER, Q.C.

MR. JEUNE, Q.C.

THE SWEATING COMMITTEE

LAST year I attended several of the meetings of this Committee.

A large proportion of its deliberations was devoted to the Clothing

or savoury crowd of witnesses. The poorest workers from the

poorest quarters came to tell the sad tale of much work and

little pay, the details of which will be fresh in the memory of

many of my readers. The corridors were crowded with a motley

crew; the wretched, hungry-looking witnesses; the Sweater, who,

for all his sweating, looked anything but emaciated; the curious

came to see and hear the latest sensation; the fashionable to

elbow her way through the crowd, flouting thereby with her

"tailor-made" mantle, perhaps, the very creature who "over the

The furniture-trade was also much discussed, and a vast deal of

very conflicting evidence adduced. It is astonishing when people's

interests are at variance what remarkably different views they will

take of the same facts-at least, we know it may be so in St.

When these woe-worn toilers came "from the depths" to tell us

of the tyrannous oppression of the great houses-how these Jugger-

nauts of Tottenham Court Road rode over and ground down their

groaning slaves, "cribbed" their ideas, paid them in cheques, and

charged for cashing the same, and cheated them in various ways,

too dreadful to name, our English blood began to boil, and to cry

out for justice for the oppressed; but, strangely, the whole of these

sensational tales seemed to change their complexion, gradually

but surely, when the cold light of fact was turned upon them.

Doubtless the other side were not above occasional lime-

light effects, still when all had been said and much proved

it became once more evident that an enthusiast can get

enough evidence from discharged workmen in any trade to prove

that "the trade" is a vast net of wickedness and oppression, provided

only that the enthusiast is prepared to look at one side of the ques-

Still zeal in the cause of the weak is a good thing, and it is only

tion, and sternly avoid any observation of the other.

buttons fell asleep and sewed them on in a dream."

Stephen's.

This brought together anything but a picturesque

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estimation by allowing his credulou ness to override his judgment, and endeavouring to prove statements which only he believes. The public is a wide-awake "party," and forms its judgments with much more rapidity and certainty than is generally supposed.

In the Committee Room it was somewhat oppressive, and frequently the noble lords ordered all witnesses to withdraw, so as to consult in private, which was pretty generally understood to mean to open the windows and shake their scent-bottles, and gasp a few mouthfuls of fresh air.

Lord Dunraven presided with much judgment and force. Like his leader in the Upper House, he has been a journalist, and probably the special correspondent work in slumming-quarters was not unknown to him.

Late in the season the investigation seemed to pall very much upon the Committee. Lord Dunraven became slightly dogmaticimpatient, no doubt, to get off to his yacht-racing. The Archbishop if Canterbury found other engagements pressing. Lord Onslow was captious, Lord Derby dull, and the other noble lords looked as of they had had quite enough of it. The public lost interest in the official statements of the secretaries of charitable societies, and came no longer.

At the date of writing, this Committee is still prosecuting the apparently interminable inquiry; public interest has gone out like a candle; we will, however, look in and lend the good cause our countenance for a few minutes. Step with me into Committee Room "A."

A fine room, lofty, spacious, light; the scrolled oak-panelling very elegant; for the rest, does it not remind you of the days of your youth? Recollect when you turned the nursery upside down to play at courts of law, or theatres, or church. Here we are again! Ordinary tables placed together, ordinary chairs, very ordinary occupants. Eh? where are the wigs? These honest folks are chatting away quietly enough. Can't hear much they are saying. Does not seem very clear who is Committee, and who isn't. As they begin to sort themselves to your mind, you notice a person ask a question apparently directed towards another person seated a little apart from the others, but he makes no response, but continues intoning-

"As I mentioned in my Statement, Number six, four, eight, seven, three,

the deputy sub-overseer of the warehouses is said, by general report, to control the fluctuations in the market-price of tintacks, and this we consider-

The gentleman who asked the question has evidently been pausing for a reply, and seeing that the party with the metallic twang is off "considering," he repeats-

"Do you find passing the tacks through the eye of a needle a sufficient test by which to regulate the rate of payment?"

"That depends somewhat on the needle"-"and this-er-we consider an injustice."

"You say, 'by general report,'" says another of the gentlemen. "Can you speak from your own knowledge?"

"Yes, my own knowledge. This man, Bill Bagge, told me that the manager does not know anything about tin-tacks, but brass-head nails were his line."

"You are speaking now," interposes Committee Gent. Number One, "about a particular case. Do you mean that this is an exception?"

"Yes, an exception."

"Oh, then you agree with the last witness, that the deputy sub-overseer of the warehouses does not, as a rule, control the fluctuations of the market, &c., &c.?"

"Yes-he does not, as a rule, this is an exception; and this we consider an injustice," &c., &c.

You wonder at the patience of the smileless gentlemen who sit week after week conducting an inquiry like this.

MR. ARNOLD WHITE It would not be fair to conclude my remarks on

this historical Committee without introducing the most notable figure during its sittings last year. Mr. Arnold White, the son of a well-known Baptist minister in Kentish Town, was mainly instrumental in securing the Committee to examine into the grievances of the poverty-stricken toilers in the East End of London, and whatever may be the outcome of this inquiry, the



MR. LEDGARD, Q.C.

name of Arnold White must be remembered as its principa instigator, through whose efforts at least our knowledge of a mighty social and political problem has been increased, and the kid glove of the West has been extended in pity towards the horny hand that rises before the sun.

SIGHT SEERS

TURNING from the Committee Rooms to make our way out, we notice the pleasant folks who have come to see they know not

Some Member, perhaps, has invited his young friends to come and "have a look round;" the while a country landowner admires the ground plan of a shoddy-mill, a distinguished foreigner drinks in with delight the view, from the windows, of the Silver Thames, and the barrister's boy enjoys a brief sleep by the door.

Near the entrance, as we pass from the precincts of St. Stephen's we meet again our friend "Blinkbonny" and his chief, ready to remove the relics of the fray among the Private Bills; they crouch behind the "Peeler" like tigers behind a tree, ready to spring on any box which presumes to come down without the assistance o their brawny arms.

Here again, clustered outside the door, we meet, perhaps, a knot of the melancholy denizens of the East End crowding around a person in the garb of the West, who seems to marshal them exactly like a School Board master drilling his urchins, while they follow his every movement like sheep.

Whatever may be the rights and wrongs of these people, it is impossible to observe their demeanour of dejected subservience, and their curious hopelessness and want of individuality, and not see that their lot in life must be a dark one, compared with which that of a plantation slave was a round of pleasure and independence.

It is impossible to look on the results of the conditions of their life, the stunted stature, the crooked limb, the distorted features, and deny that the continuance of these conditions is a disgrace to humanity, and a danger to the State.



SIGH (SEERS





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FOREIGN

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THE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT against the Dervishes assumes considerable proportions. Three British regiments from Malta and one from Cyprus have gone to Egypt, while troops are being rapidly despatched to the front, both up the Nile from Cairo and across the desert from the Red Sea stations. Whilst awaiting these reinforcements, Colonel Wodehouse has steadily harassed the enemy as Wad-el-Njumi marched northward along the western side of the river. Foiled in every attempt to reach the river, the Dervishes at last encamped near Abu Simbel—the famous temple built by Rameses the Great—and held Khor in strength. Colonel Wodehouse took up his position at Bellana, three miles off, spreading his men over a distance of two miles, and stationed a cavalry detachment on the eastern bank to watch the rebel camp. General Grenfell, who had come up from Assouan, then reconnoitred the enemy's position, and decided that Wad-el-Njumi's strength did not exceed 2,500 fighting men, the larger numbers reported being made up by camp-followers. Both sides have since played a waiting game, in which the rebels have the disadvantage, through lacking food and water. They can only depend on the desert wells, while the neighbourhood has been completely cleared of food, and the natives warned against trafficking with the Dervishes on pain of death. Consequently, deserters pour into the Egyptian camp, hampering Colonel Wodehouse with more mouths to feed, besides the large number of prisoners taken in the frequent skirmishes with the enemy. Many have been sent down to Cairo, for all the food at Assouan and Wady Halfa is wanted for the troops and the river-side population who have left their homes on the Dervish advance. So far the natives remain loyal, many Sheikhs offering help to the Government, and the Bishareen who hold the country in the bend of the river between Abu Hamed and Korosko are particularly friendly. This is specially important, as, if the Dervishes found support on the eastern bank, they could easily advance on Korosko and As

are 250 miles away. The prisoners brought into camp report that five European nuns and two priests are still alive at Khartoum.

France celebrated her National Fête with more outward ceremony, but with less peace and order, than in former years. Rain damped the popular ardour in Paris, which is beginning to grow weary of even centenary celebrations. The review was brilliant, free concerts and dramatic performances abounded, and the city was a blaze of illumination at night, and gay with open-air balls, yet people seemed only half-hearted in their enjoyment. Several street-riots occurred, especially at an Italian cafe in the Rue Royale, whose proprietor did not hoist the French colours, but the chief scene of the day arose from a Boulangist demonstration before the Strassburg Statue on the Place de la Concorde. The police tried to arrest M. Déroulède, who was rescued by his party in triumph. Indeed, the Boulangists have been thoroughly successful in their obstructionist tactics, keeping the Chamber in such disorder that very little business could be done before the Session closed on Saturday. Two Deputies, MM. Laguerre and Le Herissé, brought up accusations against the Ministry, and refused on successive days to quit the tribune, notwithstanding formal censure. The former deputy broke up the sitting altogether, the latter was only removed by military force. Driven to bay, the Government suddenly introduced an important electoral measure, which prevents any candidate from standing for more than one seat, and passed their Bill by the aid of many unexpected supporters, who were willing to deal so distinct a blow to General Boulanger. This Multiple Candidature Bill effectually prevents any plébiscite for a popular candida e—as in the case of Thiers—but, though an invaluable help to the present Government, it provides the Opposition with a rallying cry that universal suffrage is no longer free. Now

the great question is whether General Boulanger will return to France to undergo his trial, for otherwise he is ineligible at the elections. Should he return, and be condemned by the High Court, he will be disqualified from political life, unless pardoned by Government or raised to power by a Revolution, so that he is placed in a grave dilemma. Summonses to appear before the Court have in a grave dilemma. Summonses to appear before the Court have been served at the residences of General Boulanger, M. Roche ort, and M. Dillon, but if the accused do not surrender by August 6th, the High Court will condemn them by default. The indicment contains three charges against the General—conspiracy, a felonious attempt against the safety of the State, and embezzl ment of public funds, MM. Rochefort and Dillon being implicated in the two first clauses.

funds, MM. Rochefort and Dillon being implicated in the two first clauses.

In GERMANY the Emperor returns home from Norway next Monday, and will leave for England on the following day, accompanied by Count Herbert Bismarck. The Empress is not coming after all. His Majesty sailed through the British Squadron when at Bergen, and exchanged friendly greetings. Emperor William will be back in Germany by August 11th to receive the Emperor of Austria. Switzerland assumes a fierce tone in replying to the last German Note on the right of asylum. The Swiss Government declare that they are not compelled by treaty to examine the papers of German subjects, and that they will not submit to a stipulation which would place their right of asylum at the mercy of a foreign Power. In response the German Custom House authorities on the Swiss German frontier strictly enforce the regulations. Much gratification is felt at Captain Wissmann's success in East Africa, where he has taken Tanga with little resistance. Dr. Peters complains of being thwarted by England at every turn.

EASTERN EUROPE continues in a very uneasy condition, alarmed by the decision of Servia to arm an additional levy of recruits, professedly to put down brigandage. In many opinions, the step is taken to provide the Radical fraction of the Government with strong armed supporters against the Liberals, thus opposing their head, M. Ristics. The chief Regent is stated to be very angry, so that the Government is divided against itself. Both Bulgaria and Turkey object to the creation of a third levy—corresponding to the Austrian Landsturm—and the Porte is inclined to lean towards the Triple Alliance rather than support Russia in her present designs on Servia. But Turkey has her hands quite filled by CRETE, where Mahmoud Pasha has been recalled, having utterly failed to conclude peace.

designs on Servia. But Turkey has her halled query CRETE, where Mahmoud Pasha has been recalled, having utterly failed to conclude peace.

INDIA rejoices in ample rains, which have removed all fear of famine in many districts, and greatly benefitted Ganjam. However, rather too much rain has fallen in the North-West Provinces, causing serious floods. The Indus especially has laid a large tract under water. The officials belonging to the Uncovenanted Service continue to proclaim their grievances, and intend to appeal afresh to the Home Parliament. Military circles are gratified by the Begum of Bhopal offering an important contingent for frontier defence. Burma complains of the military police, who act cruelly towards the natives, and arouse resentment against European rule.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In PORTUGAL the excitement has subsided respecting the Delagoa Bay Railway, and the Premier has formally stated in Parliament that the Government has no connection with the financial combinations announced. Meanwhile, the British gunboats Bramble and Peacock have arrived at Delagoa Bay, and report that all is quiet, foreign subjects being quite safe.—In ITALY the Pope has given up his idea of leaving Rome at present, thanks to Austrian influence. The Ultramontanes wanted His Holiness to retire to Spain, so as to embarrass the Italian Government, but Australa pointed out that he might never be allowed to return.—The plague has broken out in Arabia, where the Assyr district in Yemen is strictly isolated.

THE COURT

THE COURT

The coming Royal marriage is the chief Court event of the day in semi-State, but besides the Royal Family only a few guests can be invited, as the Chapel is so small. The Queen will come from Osborne to be present, the Shah is expected, and the King and Queen of Denmark—grandparents of the bride—the King of Greece, with the Crown Prince, the Empress Frederick and her daughters, and the Grand Duke of Hesse and family also join the party. The Archbishop of Canterbury will perform the service, with the Bishop of London and other clerical dignitaries, including the Rector of Sandringham. Probably the wedding will take place at noon, the bridal procession assembling in the lower Drawing Room at the Palace before entering the Chapel. Princess Louise of Wales will wear white and silver brocade, with a Honiton lace veil and pearl and diamond ornaments given by the Queen, her parents, and Lord Fife. Her six bridesmaids are to be her two sisters, Princess Christian's two daughters, Princess Alix of Hesse, and the little Princess Alice of Albany. The wedding breakfast will be laid in the State Drawing Room for the Royal party, a second dijeture being provided for the other guests, and the Princess and Lord Fife will subsequently leave for the bridegroom's Richmond residence, East Sheen House. Afterwards they intend going to Duff House, Banf, and later on to Mar Lodge, attending the Braemar gathering in September. The Princess's trousseau is comparatively simple, and is being made in Paris, London, and Ediburgh. She will use the ordinary coronet of the Royal Princesses after her marriage.

The Queen has gone to Osborne. The Princess of Victoria lunched with Her Majesty on Saturday, and the Duchess of Albany and her children also arrived, Princess Beatriee going to town to hear the Meistersinger. Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria lunched with Her Majesty on Saturday, and return to town next Hermitian and Lady Salisbury, with the American Minister and his wife, dined at the Castle, and on Tuesday the Prince

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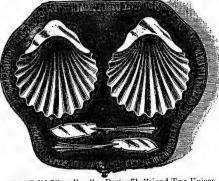
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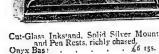
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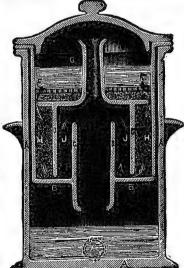


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MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT has commenced the summer season at the Lyceum, on which we briefly touched last week, under somewhat unfortunate circumstances. Lena, the play selected for the opening—an adaptation of Mr. Philips' As In a Looking Glass—is not a particularly attractive work, and this unfavourable condition was aggravated by the fact that the preparations for the performance on the first night had been so hasty and incomplete that the curtain did not rise till long after the appointed time, or fall till midnight had sounded. Into the details of the dispute between the actress and her manager we do not propose to enter any further than to observe that if Mr. Mayer was, as alleged, remiss in failing to provide proper scenery, Madame Bernhardt and her company were certainly very tardy in discovering the deficiencies. It is clear that a single preparatory rehearsal would have sufficed to show what was wanting; and it is but an ill-compliment on the part of Madame Bernhardt towards her English admirers to neglect so simple and obvious a precaution. The story of Lena is already well known to us through Mrs. Bernard Beere's performance at the Opera Comique. It is unwholesome and depressing, not because it exhibits human frailty in a strong light—Frou-Frou does that, but Frou-Frou interests and carries with it a profound moral lesson—but because it exhibits uncerupulous, and worthless heroine. Madame Bernhardt's impersonation is, we need hardly say, powerful, and, as an artistic effort, full of subtle touches. The comparative simplicity and calm of her death-scene is probably due to no more recondite reason than a desire to escape from the reproach of repeating herself; for Madame Bernhardt has, on the occasion of this visit, a great deal of dying to go through—has, in fact, some half-dozen death scenes, to enact which are all more or less of a harrowing kind. We are not concerned to compare her impersonation with that of her English rival; but we may say that the quality in the French actress's performance which

Louise Moodie's impersonation of the terrible heroine. While this play was dragging its slow length along upon the Opéra Comique play was dragging its slow length along upon the Opéra Comique stage, a considerable audience on the other side of the way was delying the sultry atmosphere and the oppressive odours from a delying the sultry atmosphere and the oppressive odours from a health of the sultry atmosphere and the oppressive odours from a health of the sultry atmosphere and the oppressive odours from a delying the sultry atmosphere and the oppressive odours from the side of the sultry atmosphere and the operation of the sultry of the sultry atmosphere and the sultry of the sultry atmosphere of the sultry of the sultr

the Dresden Court Theatre, will appear in London next season in the character of Othello, which will be played by him in English. Herr von Osten enjoys a high reputation in Germany. He speaks Eng'ish with scarcely any foreign accent. During his brief visit to London last week he was received by the Prince of Wales, to whom he brought a letter of introduction from the King of Sweden. He had also the honour of reciting a ballad of Uhland before the

had also the honour of reciting a ballad of Uhland before the Princess Louise.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's drama, founded on Scott's "Marmion," will be produced, in Edinburgh, in November, with music by Dr. Mackenzie and scenery by Mr. William Glover.

The new GATETY burlesque, on the subject of "Ruy Blas," is to have a preliminary trial at Birmingham. Miss Farren and Mr. Leslie, just home from their tour around the world, will sustain the principal parts.

p. incipal parts.
Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play in preparation at the SHAFTESBURY Theatre, is to be called *The Middleman*.

The Mountaineering Season having set in, British climbers are busy in varied parts of the globe. Six Englishmen have gone to the Caucasus to search for the bodies of Professor Donkin and Mr. Fox, who are believed to have perished near Mount Ararat last autumn. Further afield, the Administrator of New Guinea, Sir William Macgregor, has scaled Mount Owen Stanley, the highest peak in the Colony, finding the natives very friendly. He secured a good collection of birds and plants. An Englishman also made the first ascent of Mont Blanc this season, and narrowly escaped disaster amid fog and tempest. The mist was so dense that he could not reach the summit, while the guides had the greatest difficulty to keep the proper track in the darkness. The Austrian Tyrol was specially fatal to climbers last year, and this region has now produced the first accident of the season. A tourist and his guide were killed last week by falling over a precipice when descending the peak of Sonnblick in Carinthia. As a companion is supposed to have survived, a search party have gone to the rescue.

is supposed to have survived, a search party have gone to the rescue.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—Though not actually adjoining the Exhibition proper, the great Cattle-Show opened this week in the Champs Elysées is regarded as an Exhibition annexe, entrance being by the Exhibition tickets. It is a splendid display of the finest cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, including specimens from Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and England. The Prince of Wales contributes some fine sheep and Shorthorns. Another Exhibition annexe just inaugurated is the additional workmen's Section, containing the overflow exhibits from the regular Industrial Department in the Champs de Mars, and well representing Parisian minor trades. Intending foreign visitors will be glad to hear that during the Exhibition luggage regi tered to Paris will not be examined at the different frontiers, but only at Paris. The Eiffel Tower loses none of its traction, and the receipts from the opening on May 15th up to July 9th reach 62,544. M. Carnot and his family have now ascended to the very top, stopp ng on the third platform to lunch with M. Eiffel in his special apartments. Meteorological observations are taken at the tummit regularly, weather bulletins being published twice daily in the Tower edition of the Figaro. The two bails in the Palais de l'Industrie last week rank among the most successful Exhibition estivi ies. The first was given by the exhibitors to the President, the members of the Government, and the Paris Municipality, the bui ding being splendidly decorated. Various foreign bands furnished the music, and the quaint costumes of the African contingent at the Exhibition, who came to look on, rendered the scene most pictures ue. Next, the Exhibition workmen had their turn on Saturday night, amidst the same decorations, when the entertainment was of rather more popular character, and the men and their families dan et with much vi your.

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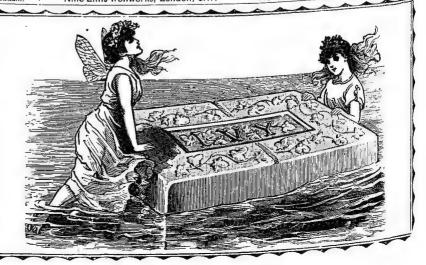
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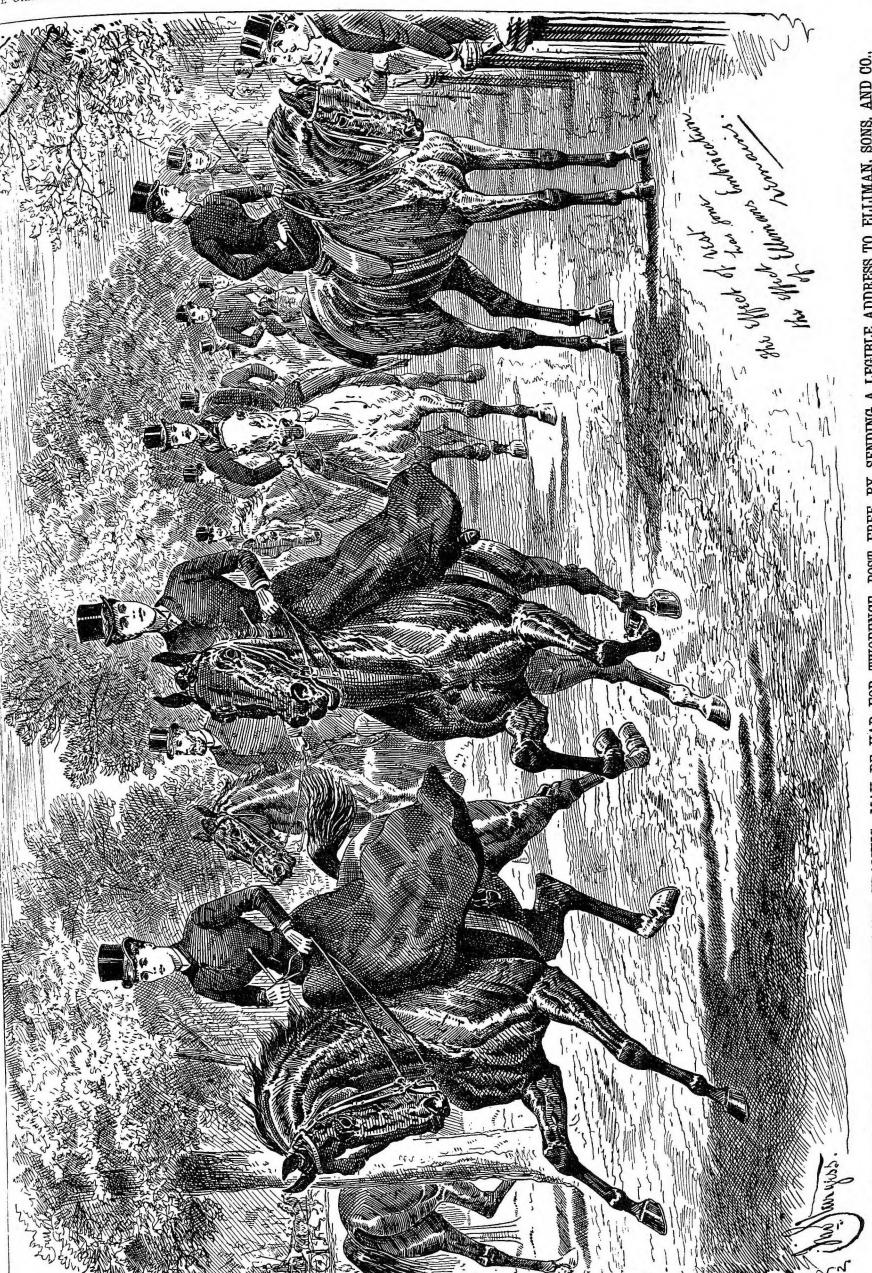
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THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.—The forensic advocacy of the incriminated members of the Irish party has suddenly collapsed, just when it had been announced, that there were only a few witnesses more to be examined for the defence, and that, therefore, the proceedings were soon to come to a natural and welcome close. The withdrawal of the counsel for the defence brought itself about in this way. On Friday last week there was a resumption of the cross-examination of Mr. Houston, the Secretary of the Loyal and Patriotic Union, who furnished the Times with the forged letters supplied to him by Pigott. 850l. of the money which Houston paid Pigott for his supposed services was lent by a Dr. Maguire, and Sir Charles Russell's cross-examination of Houston was partly intended to elicit an admission that the money lent by Dr. Maguire had been repaid him out of the funds of the Loyal and Patriotic League. This was denied by Houston, but, not satisfied with his denial, Sir Charles asked for the production of the books of the League. The Court declined to make an order for their production, the President pointing out that they were there to examine into the truth or falsehood of certain charges, and with the source or origin of these charges they had nothing to do. After taking time to consult their clients, it was announced on Tuesday this week by all the counsel for the defence that they

had been instructed, on account of that decision of the Court, to withdraw from the case. The President expressed his regret at this decision, adding that in other respects the position of things was decision, adding that the persons incriminated were at liberty to attend as witnesses if they thought proper. Sir Henry James then proceeded to examine two of them, Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, M.P., and Mr. Matthew Harris, M.P., formerly Fenians and members of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and instrumental in importing arms into Ireland for insurrectionary purposes, but afterwards converted to a belief in the efficiency of Mr. Parnell's Constitutional agitation. They were strictly questioned respecting their organisaverted to a belief in the efficiency of Mr. Parnell's Constitutional agitation. They were strictly questioned respecting their organisations. Mr. Harris admitted that the propriety of shooting the informer Nagle was discussed in the Fenian Councils, an admission the importance of which was pointed out by the President.

MABEL WATSON, aged fourteen, professionally known as Mabel Love, a youthful actress, who has been performing at the Gaiety, was charged on Tuesday before Mr. Vaughan, at Bow Street, with attempting to commit suicide. Early on that morning she had thrown herself into the Thames. In reply to the magistrate, who spoke to her throughout the proceedings in a most fatherly way, she said that she did not know what she was doing. Her mother, who was in court, ascribed the attempt to her very hard study of late for the stage, bringing on sleeplessness, in addition to which she had

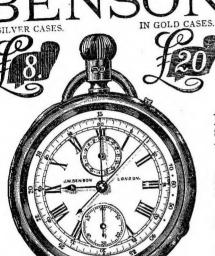
only recently recovered from an attack of typhoid fever. Mr. Vaughan said that he would discharge her solely on the condition that the mother undertook to take her away from London at once. This being promised, the magistrate addressed to her the parting monition: "Now, child, on no consideration do anything at all, but go and enjoy the fresh air, and on no account look at a book again for some time to come."

ANOTHER WHITECHAPFL MURDER.—On Wednesday morning in Castle Alley, a few yards from the scene of the last Whitechapel murder, in Dorset Street, a woman was found dead in a pool of blood flowing from a wound in the throat and from a gash in the stomach, evidently inflicted by a sharp instrument. She seemed to be about forty, and to belong to the class, members of which were the victims of the previous Whitechapel murders.

victims of the previous Whitechapel murders.

THE LAMBETH TRAGEDY. — Curragh having been brought up on remand at the Lambeth Police Office, charged with the murder of Letine, the acrobat, behaved occasionally in a singularly and excited manner during the hearing of the evidence, most of which has been already reported in this column, but which on Monday included a statement by the house-surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital that he considered Curragh to be thoroughly insana. The prisoner was committed for trial on the charge of wilful

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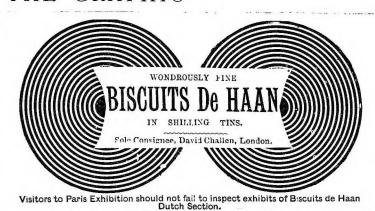
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